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**THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
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THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART III.

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# THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE:

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH LISTS OF SUCH OF THE

## EMPHASIS-CAPITALS OF SHAKSPERE

IN THIS PLAY, AS WERE OMITTED BY EACH OF THE SECOND,  
THIRD AND FOURTH FOLIOS; AND OF NEW EMPHASIS-  
CAPITALS SHEWN BY IT IN EACH OF THESE.

ALSO A FEW REMARKS ON

THE CONSIDERATION DUE TO SUCH EMPHASIS-CAPITALS  
AS MAY BE FOUND IN OBSCURE PASSAGES.

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

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EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.

MDCCCLXXIX.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDFEL  
1918

13484.23.2

(Sammet filius William S. Balfors)

THE Tragedy of Cymbeline was, as the following Reprint will shew, richly dowered with Emphasis-Capitals: one of these appearing in the first line of it, and boldly striking the keynote to the opening Scenes. There are above 2,000 words in it so distinguished. This work has the reputation of presenting to the reader a long series of difficult passages, which has arisen, in most part, we believe, from the unusual amount of contraction in it, and in connection with this, among other things a constant use of the colon, frequently in odd and unlooked for positions. After repeated perusals, however, the means to condensation grow familiar to us, and the perpetually recurring colon, instead of being, as at first, a stumbling-block, becomes an interpreter. The compression manifest throughout Cymbeline is, doubtless, occasioned by the necessity of bringing it within bounds, and this evidently cost Shakspeare great labour, for it is one of his longest plays. As it now stands, it seems as if not a line could be renounced without loss. Yet when Charles Kemble gave his First Reading, by command of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, in 1844, this Play, selected by Prince Albert, was, from the necessity to comprise the Reading within a given time, reduced to about *one third* of the Work as it was bequeathed to us; there being then shewn, as it were, the trunk and branches of the tree, but, with the exception of a solitary tuft or cluster here and there, all the leaves and blossoms stripped away.

Of the original 2,091 Emphasis-Capitals in Cymbeline, there escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio, 163; of the Third, 129; and of the Fourth, 44; in all, 336: not a great loss at the end of 62 years, and after three passages through the press. On the other hand, there appeared of New Capitals not connected with proper names, or at the beginning of lines or sentences, in the Second Folio, 10; in the Third, 27; and in the Fourth, 210; in all, 247.

At the end of this Preface full Lists are given of the Lines in which these losses and gains occur, a course which will, in future, be followed with each Play of this Edition. Having these Lists, readers will be



placed exactly as if they had the Four Folios before them, so far as these Capitals are concerned, and will thus be able to test any conclusions we may have arrived at.

No loss is sustained through the After Folios dropping part of the Emphasis-Capitals of the First, for it is ours to have and to hold, and all that are in it are secure, but, by an enumeration of their omissions, we are assisted in forming an opinion as to how far the Early Editions failed in their duty, and of their comparative value.

In connection with the New Capitals, however, which these After Folios severally introduced, important questions start up, such as: Are they of the same character as those in the First Folio? Have they "the family resemblance"? Is there any good reason for believing that the Words so distinguished in them, stood so distinguished in the scarcely-blotted papers from which the Printers of 1623 wrought?

After having given to each one of them our best consideration, we have no hesitation in stating that they seem to us to bear the clear impress of Shakspeare's Manuscript, and to claim at our hands adoption and equal respect: with the exception always of such as belong to two Plays, viz., King John and Richard the Second, which have been printed in the Fourth Folio, and only there, in a totally exceptional manner,—indeed, in such a way as fully to exemplify what Shakspeare's Emphasis-Capitals *are not*,—as to which mysterious circumstance we have more to say.

It will be seen by the appended Lists, that, while the Second and Third Folios jointly contribute to the Tragedy now reprinted, 37 new Emphasis-Capitals, the Fourth alone adds 210, or about six times as many. This is remarkable, but it is the rule, rather than the exception. As similar instances, the Second and Third Folios contribute to Hamlet, (containing about 3,834 lines, misprinted in our two previous Parts, 3,334) 84; to the Tempest, 76; and to Anthony and Cleopatra, 48: while the Fourth itself adds to these Plays respectively, 134, 110 and 157, or about double what the others, put together, do. While, also, the Second and Third, between them, drop from these three Plays nearly 800 of the Original Emphasis-Capitals, the Fourth loses only 168.

These facts naturally excite curiosity as to the last of the Early Editions, which in the matter of these *thinking* Capitals, appears to have lost least, and restored most.

In speaking of Rowe's, the first of the Modern Editions, and the first Edition with Plates, published 1709-10, Lowndes says : "Rowe unfortunately adopted the fourth and worst of the folio editions for his text, and corrected but few of its errors," and thus low has this Folio stood in the opinion of very many. At the best, it appears to have been regarded as a bad copy of its two predecessors, and upon it, along with them, "the privileged fellows, in drabs, blues and yellows," as Robert Browning has called them, have, during the last fifty years, bestowed many a bang. For example, it has been said: "Three other editions in the same form which followed, in 1632, 1664 and 1685, were all evidently printed from the first, or from one another, with only certain variations, for the most part introduced in the second, which, with very few if any exceptions, are either obvious misprints, or alterations made to all appearance arbitrarily and often tastelessly and ignorantly. There was at one time a disposition in some quarters to set up the second folio as an equivalent authority against the first ; but that is now over with editors and commentators of all sorts and schools." It has also been said,—and these are given merely as representative extracts,—“Of the later folios than the First, nothing need be said. They are reprints only, with the addition of some doubtful Plays.”

This, nevertheless, *may* be said of the Fourth Folio,—whose long buried history must have been a strange one,—that, after the First, it is the best, as well as the worst, of the Folios, its bestness, fortunately for us, and those who hold the same views, greatly exceeding its worstness.

It is *the best*, as, in our opinion, it has generally proceeded upon a careful revision, and with frequent reference to the Manuscript, and as it makes a large restoration of these Crowned Words on which we set so much value ; and it is *the worst*, in so far as it is, in parts, so monstrously disfigured by typographical errors, as to raise the thought that the Edition must have been completed in such hot haste as to preclude all correction whatever, and, further, because it has produced the two Histories we before referred to,—King John and Richard the Second,—*drenched with Capitals*, thousands of these being poured into them in a manner totally at variance with the Master's method.

For Shakspeare has been extremely chary in the use of these Guiding Signs. He never throws one away, never allocates one without good

consideration, and not less striking than their number, in passages where his thought and language are on the strain, is their scarcity in such portions of the Works as can get along without them, with ordinary care on the part of the reader. Viewing his Text with regard to these Emphasis-Capitals, is like looking on a Stellar Map, where we have here large blank spaces, then tracts relieved by only a light or two, and then parts thickly studded with Stars. Persons acquainted with works published in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, know that there are many, such as the First Folio of the *Fairy Queen*, 1609; North's *Plutarch*, 1612; and More's *Utopia*, 4to. 1624 (not in Lowndes); where there are no such Capitals, or only a stray one here and there. In others again, such as Bacon's *Essays*, 4to. 1625, such Capitals there are, but equidistant, and fastidiously balanced, and, to hear one reading according to which, would be to listen, as it were, to some humdrum, monotonous, interminable talker. Others again are afflicted with quite a *rash* of Capitals, emphasising by which would result in something like an unintermitting scold. With this third kind, the Two Histories we have named, as they appear in the Fourth Folio, must be classed. They, as it were, run riot, while their Companion-Plays are self-possessed and deliberate.

Of the Edition of 1664 it has been recorded, "This Edition is said to be very rare, the greater part of the copies having been destroyed at the Fire of London" (1666), and as, with the exception of a few copies published in 1663, it contained, as the title runs, "Seven Plays never before printed in Folio, viz., *Pericles Prince of Tyre*," &c., its destruction has been thought to have been so complete as to have justified the Editors of the Fourth Folio in similarly inserting in its title, "Unto which is added Seven Plays never before printed in Folio." On first perusal these suppositions suggest the possibility of the MSS. of the two Histories we have named having also perished in the Great Conflagration, but that could not, so far as we see, account for their being printed differently from the others.

In the Preface to a future Part we intend to lay down, as plainly as we can, and supported by extracts, what seems to us to have been the Course of the Three After-Folios: how, the First Folio having been printed from them, the Manuscripts would be held too precious, and had probably become too frail to be actually wrought from again, but were apparently kept at hand for occasional reference and guidance:

how the Second Folio printed from the First (whose Editors, Shakspeare's friends, were then dead,—Condell in 1627, and Heminge in 1630), here correcting its errors, there copying some of its palpable errors *verbatim et literatim*, and here again committing new errors, and shewing, ever and anon, an alteration evidently based on the MSS.: how the Third did so likewise, and how even the Fourth, which, as we have said, appears to us to have drawn most largely from the MSS. (regain- ing, for instance, for the Tragedy now reprinted, that goodly number of Emphasis-Capitals of which we append the List commencing on page 28, a little study of which must, we believe, satisfy any one that they prove their own legitimacy, and are supplied omissions), hung in a great measure upon its immediate foregoer, even reproducing the ridiculous error which the Third Folio shows in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act iii. Scene 1)—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly *Cat*?

instead of *Car*.

It was our purpose to include in this Introduction examples of the assistance which Emphasis-Capitals occasionally afford toward the solution of difficult passages, but the length to which it has (with its relative Lists) already extended, will not admit of our doing more at present than adducing two instances, in which, according to our view at least, the Emphasis-Capital, occurring in an obscure line or sentence, seems to declare for it: "No cutting and carving here! Wait in the hope of understanding me, as I am": and when we feel satisfied enough to say, "There ought to be no alteration of this. What is the meaning of it as it stands," the mind knows its work, and can buckle to it better.

The first passage we will notice is the famous one,—which has been called, why we do not know, "at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators,"—in the Third Scene of the Second Act of *The Life of Henry the Fifth*, in which Mrs Pistol, the *quondam* Quickly, describes the death of Falstaff. It stands in the First Folio exactly thus:

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wheresomere he is, either in Heaven, or in Hell.

*Hostess.* Nay sure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arthurs Bosom, if ever man went to Arthurs Bosom: a made a finer end, and went away and it had been any Christom Child: a parted ev'n just between Twelve and

One, ev'n at the turning o'th'Tide: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of green fields. How now *Sir John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheer: so a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so a bade me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone."

The puzzle in connection with this wonderful passage has been the phrase, "a Table of green fields;" like which there is nothing in the Quartos, in which, however, the Play is "a mere anatomy" of what we have in the First Folio.

This is now, as every one knows, universally printed "and a babbled of green fields," which is the emendation of Lewis Theobald (in his Edition of 1733), whose Note connected with this feat of literary prestidigitation (as we may term it), is worth quoting in full, not only for itself, but for the opportunity it affords us of also shewing Pope's method of overcoming the stumbling-block, and of seeing a little "behind the Scenes," which may be of service to us in considering other points.

The Note proceeds, (and the lavish use of Capital Letters which it exhibits contrasts strangely with this Editor's systematic banishment from his Edition of the Emphasis-Capitals of the First Folio,) "Mr Pope has observ'd that these Words, 'and a Table of green fields' are not in the old Quartos. 'This nonsense (continues He) got into all the following Editions by a pleasant Mistake of the Stage-Editors, who printed from the common peacemeal-written Parts in the Play-house. A Table was here directed to be brought in (it being a Scene in a Tavern where they drink at parting;) and the Direction crept into the Text from the Margin. Greenfield was the Name of the Property-man in that time, who furnish'd Implements, &c., for the Actors. A Table of Greenfields.' —As to the History of Greenfield being then Property-man, whether it was really so, or it be only a *gratis dictum*, is a Point which I shall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal Direction, and suppose that a Table of *Greenfield's* was wanting; yet it never was customary in the Prompter's Book (much less, in the peacemeal Parts;)

where any such Directions are marginally inserted for Properties or Implements wanted, to add the Property-man's Name, whose Business it was to provide them. Besides, the furnishing Chairs and Tables is not the province of the Property-man, but of the Scene-keepers. But there is a stronger Objection yet against this Observation advanced by the Editor. He seems to imagine, that when Implements are wanted in any Scene, the Direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that Scene, though the Things are to be got ready against the Beginning of it. But the Directions for *Entrances* and *Properties* wanting, ('tis well known,) are always mark'd in the Book at about a Page in Quantity before the Actors quoted are to enter, or the Properties to be used; that the Stage may not stand still. And therefore, Greenfield's Table can be of no Use to us for this Scene. Nor, indeed, is any Table requisite. The Scene, 'tis true, is in a Tavern; but the Company have no Business to sit down. There is not the least Intimation of any Drink going round: It is in Pistol's own House, as he had married Quickly: and he and his Comerades are on their Feet, and just setting out for France. The Description of Falstaff's Death, and what he talk'd of, is the only thing that retards them for a few Minutes: after which they kiss their Hostess, and part. The Conjectural Emendation I have given, is so near to the Traces of the Letters in the corrupted Text; that I have ventur'd to insert it as the genuine Reading. It has certainly been observ'd (in particular, by the Superstition of Women;) of People near Death, when they are delirious by a Fever, that they talk of *removing*: as it has of Those in a Calenture, that they have their heads run on *green Fields*. To *bable*, or babble, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately, like Children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying Persons, when they are losing the Use of Speech."

Here we have Theobald's account of his alteration of the Text of 1623, which Dr Johnson approved of and adopted in his Edition, of which Charles Knight said, that "it turned what was unintelligible into sense and poetry," and De Quincey, "The simple words 'and a babbled of green fields' I should imagine must have been read by many a thousand with tears and smiles at the same instant," to which Mrs Cowden Clarke has given a place in her Complete Concordance, and which, it has been said, "is received wherever Shakspeare is known"—our friends in the Fatherland, amongst others, making their

"Frau Hurtig" say, "und er schwatzte von grünen Feldern," although one Leipzig Edition is wise enough to stop with the Nose being "so spitz wie eine Feder," and throws the green fields overboard: it also, alas for the fun! puts Sir John in Abraham's bosom: all which recalls George the Third's exclamation when Dr Burney mentioned Professor Eichenberg's Translation, "The Germans translate Shakespeare! why we don't understand him ourselves: how should foreigners!"\*

So many, and so various, are the adherents to Theobald's alteration, with which, however, we have no sympathy, although we cannot accept that of the Old Corrector of Mr Collier's Copy of the Second Folio, which is thus described: "We are sorry," writes Mr Collier in the Notes and Emendations, "to be obliged to part with Theobald's fanciful emendation in Mrs Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff, 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields,' founded upon the following words in the old copies, never understood, and containing two misprints, which we shall point out presently on the authority of the corrector of the Folio, 1632—"for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields.' The mention of 'a pen' and 'a table' might have led to the detection of the error: writing-tables were no doubt at that period often covered with green cloth; and it is to the sharpness of a pen, as seen in strong relief on a table so covered, that Mrs Quickly likens the nose of the dying wit and philosopher—"for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze." (Would a pen not look *less* sharp there?) "The emendation is merely 'on' for 'and,' and *frieze* for 'fields'; and it is found in the margin of the folio 1632. Pope's ridiculous suggestion respecting a 'table of Greenfields' whom he supposed (there is no extraneous syllable to countenance the notion) to have been the property man of the theatre, has long been exploded; and such, we apprehend, must now be the fate of other proposals in connexion with this obviously corrupt passage." It may be

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\* The Queen replied, that she thought Eichenberg had rendered the soliloquies very exactly.

"Aye," answered the King, "that is because, in these serious speeches, there are none of those puns, quibbles, and peculiar idioms of Shakespeare and his times, for which there are no equivalents in other languages."

remarked that in all Shakspeare's Works the word "frieze" only occurs once, and then in quite a different sense :

no Jutty frieze,  
Buttress, nor Coign of Vantage, but this Bird  
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle.

Personal reasons for not accepting Theobald's emendation are secondary in this place, the main objection to it being based on the Text of the First Folio, but one or two of them may be just mentioned. If "a babbled of green fields" were Shakspeare's, he would, we think, have made Mrs Quickly say, "When I saw him play with Flowers, and heard him a babble of green Fields," for they have to do with one idea or state of feeling, and he would not have interjected the smiling on the fingers end, and the sharpness of the Nose. To make him "babble," too, implies a sinking to childishness, a failing of the thought, or of the power of speech ; but Sir John had always been a strong minded man, and, although the old body could be no longer patched up, he seems to have been strong-minded and strong-voiced to the last. He had just "cried out, three or four times,"—there was no indistinct, idle, prattling there,—and his cry, "God, God, God," showed that poor Jack was in his sorest struggle, and that the awakened consciousness of his long, loose life was bearing hard upon him.

Our main reason, however, for holding that the Text of the First Folio should not be disturbed, is this, that not only does the whole description of the Deathbed, as we have printed it above, remain intact, in every other respect, through the Three remaining Folios, the word "Table" carrying along with it its Emphasis-Capital, but in the Fourth Folio (of whose valuable revision generally, we have endeavoured to give evidence), this distinction is bestowed on the word "fields." It there stands, "for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way : for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen and a Table of green Fields." In thinking over the question, we should bear in mind that our early writers seem to have used the word "Table" for a Picture or Painting, and we have, for instance, in North's Plutarch (one of Shakspeare's right-hand books) the following (page 1022 of the 1612 Folio) : "for Aratus fed him still by sending him passing faire tables, and pictures of



GRECE, of excellent workmanship. And indeed having a singular good wit, he alwaies got together, and brought the excellentest painted pictures he could get, but specially the pictures of Pamphilus and Melanthus, to send them unto the king. For learning flourished yet in the city of Sicyone, and they esteemed the painting of tables in that city to be the perfectest for true colours and fine drawing, of all other places." In Egbert Buys' Dictionary of Terms of Art, 4to. Amsterdam, 1769, there is the following definition : "TABLE (in *Heraldry*) Coats, or Escutcheons containing nothing but the mere Colour of the Field." Whatever it was that poor Jack's Nose, in its gangrenous state, and with its shrunk, dark veins, suggested to Mrs Quickly, we believe that "a Table of green Fields," were the words which stood in Shakspeare's fair Manuscript.

The only other Passage which we can here notice, is a well known one in the 4th Scene of the 3rd Act of this Tragedy, thus printed in the First Folio (see page 48 of this Reprint):

Some Jay of Italy

(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him :

This phrase, "whose mother was her painting," is "so from sense in hardness," that it has hitherto proved an unconquerable nut to crack, and about it there cluster all kinds of "conjectural emendations."

Nicholas Rowe changed it to :

(Whose Wother was her Painting)

—whose principal attraction was her artificial loveliness, her fair but false colour. Such a word as "Wother," is, however, found in no Dictionary, but only in a Glossary appended to Gildon's Edition of the Poems, where it is said to mean Merit, Beauty, &c., but there it is supposed to have found a place from the Editor's faith in Rowe's alteration, and his confidence that its accuracy would be established.

Theobald did not, in this case, venture on changing the Text, which, as it stands, seemed to him to have this sense, "' *Whose Mother was a Bird of the same Feather,*' i.e. such another gay Strumpet." He also "imagined, that the Poet might have wrote : '(*Whose Mother was her planting*)' i.e. *planted* her on Posthumus."

Sir Thomas Hanmer in his Edition (1744-46) would read :—

(Whose *feather* was her painting)

and the same view was taken by Edward Capell (1767-8), the Title of whose Edition is curious : "Mr William Shakespeare, his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, set out by himself in Quarto, or by the Players his Fellows in Folio, and now faithfully republished from those Editions."

Charles Knight suggested that it should be "muffler," for "a woman of the kind termed Jay by Shakspeare wore a veil or mask called a *muffler*. The jay of Italy needed no other disguise than the *painting* of her face—'her *muffler* was her painting.'"

Mr Collier's Old Corrector connected very unlikely and unworthy words with "the tune of Imogen." "We here arrive," writes Mr Collier in his Notes and Emendations, "at a most singular instance of mishearing, which we must impute wholly to the writer of the manuscript used by the compositor. It is in a speech by Imogen, where she supposes that Posthumus has been seduced by some Italian courtezan :

Some jay of Italy

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him :

Now, for 'whose mother was her painting' of all editions, we are told by the amender of the folio, 1632, to read,—

Some jay of Italy

*Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him.*

\* \* \* We feel assured that the scribe misheard, and wrote 'whose mother was her painting' instead of '*who smothers her with painting.*' The coincidence of sound seems otherwise almost inexplicable."

Such are some of the actual or proposed alterations of this dark saying, to which one of the German Translations gives a new turn with the words, "die Tochter ihrer schminke."

Our reasons for regarding this Passage as one which should not be touched, are that each word of it remains intact throughout the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, and that while in the First Folio "mother" has no Emphasis-Capital, and the Second follows it exactly, the Third Folio, which adds about twenty-seven New Emphasis-Capitals to

Cymbeline (see List on page 25), puts one to this word "mother," in which Edition it accordingly stands :

(Whose Mother was her painting)

and that by the Fourth Folio, in whose revision of the Plays (with the strange exception we have referred to), we have full confidence, that Emphasis-Capital is maintained.

Whether, therefore, the passage means, as Dr Johnson thought (and it looks likely), "the creature not of nature but of painting. In this sense painting may be not improperly termed her mother," or that she bestowed that care and attention on the false beautifying of herself, which were due to her mother, or whatever else the right interpretation may be, we feel assured that we have before us what was written by Shakspeare, and that "Mother," which we have seen altered to wother, feather, muffler, smothered, &c., is not only the right word, but an important word in its position, from the fact of its afterwards becoming distinguished by the Emphasis-Capital.

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Lines in *Cymbeline* containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

You do not meet a man but <i>Frowns</i> . . . . .	Page 1
Our bloods no more obey the <i>Heavens</i> . . . . .	„ 1
He purposed to his wives sole <i>Son</i> . . . . .	„ 1
As to seek through the Regions of the <i>Earth</i> . . . . .	„ 1
So fair an Outward, and such stuff <i>Within</i> . . . . .	„ 2
I cannot delve him to the root. His <i>Father</i> . . . . .	„ 2
Was called <i>Sicilius</i> , who did join his <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 2
A <i>Child</i> that guided <i>Dotards</i> . . . . .	„ 2
I something fear my <i>Father's</i> wrath . . . . .	„ 4
Who to my <i>Father</i> was a <i>Friend</i> , to me . . . . .	„ 4
But he does buy my <i>Injuries</i> to be <i>Friends</i> . . . . .	„ 4
You gentle <i>Gods</i> give me but this I have . . . . .	„ 4
The <i>Gods</i> protect you . . . . .	„ 5
Almost <i>Sir</i> ; <i>Heaven</i> restore me : . . . . .	„ 6
Your <i>Son's</i> my <i>Father's</i> friend, he takes his part . . . . .	„ 6
To bring him to the <i>Haven</i> : left these <i>Notes</i> . . . . .	„ 7
I dare lay mine <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 7
measured how long a <i>Fool</i> you were . . . . .	„ 8
And that she should love this <i>Fellow</i> . . . . .	„ 8
comes in my <i>Father</i> . . . . .	„ 9
And like the <i>Tyrranous</i> breathing of the <i>North</i> . . . . .	„ 9
Desires your <i>Highness</i> Company . . . . .	„ 9

to a <i>Stranger</i> of his quality . . . . .	Page 10
I profess myself her <i>Adorer</i> , not her <i>Friend</i> . . . . .	„ 11
and only the gift of the <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 12
Which the <i>Gods</i> have given you . . . . .	„ 12
to convince the <i>Honour</i> of my <i>Mistress</i> . . . . .	„ 12
By the <i>Gods</i> it is one . . . . .	„ 13
Who cannot be new built, nor has no <i>Friends</i> . . . . .	„ 16
But <i>Heavens</i> know some men are much to blame . . . . .	„ 19
It is an office of the <i>Gods</i> to venge it . . . . .	„ 20
To'th'oath of <i>Loyalty</i> . . . . .	„ 20
That all the plagues of <i>Hell</i> should at one time . . . . .	„ 20
That play with all <i>Infirmities</i> for <i>Gold</i> . . . . .	„ 21
(As I have such a <i>Heart</i> , that both mine ears . . . . .	„ 21
If thou wert <i>Honourable</i> . . . . .	„ 21
As thou from <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 22
Your <i>Lord</i> , myself, and other <i>Noble Friends</i> . . . . .	„ 23
Which I (the <i>Factor</i> for the rest) . . . . .	„ 23
And pawn mine <i>Honour</i> for their safety . . . . .	„ 23
hath his belly full of <i>Fighting</i> . . . . .	„ 24
He's a strange <i>Fellow</i> himself, and knows it not, . . . . .	„ 25
the <i>Heavens</i> hold firm . . . . .	„ 25
The walls of thy dear <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 25
To your protection I commend me, <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 26
With <i>Blue</i> of <i>Heavens</i> own tinct . . . . .	„ 26
According to the <i>Honour</i> of his <i>Sender</i> . . . . .	„ 29
<i>Fools</i> are not mad <i>Folks</i> . . . . .	„ 30
Do you call me <i>Fool</i> ? . . . . .	„ 30
<i>Obedience</i> , which you owe your <i>Father</i> . . . . .	„ 31
than all the <i>Hairs</i> above thee . . . . .	„ 31
To win the <i>King</i> , as I am bold, her <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 32
The swiftest <i>Harts</i> , have posted you by land . . . . .	„ 33
Must not continue <i>Friends</i> . . . . .	„ 34
Profess myself the winner of her <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 34

Being so near the <i>Truth</i> , as I will make them . . . . .	Page 34,
This is her <i>Honour</i> . . . . .	„ 35
Where there is <i>Beauty</i> , <i>Truth</i> , where semblance : <i>Love</i> . . . . .	„ 36
There, take thy hire, and all the <i>Fiends of Hell</i> . . . . .	„ 36
and do't, i'th' <i>Court</i> , before her <i>Father</i> . . . . .	„ 37
Flattering, hers ; <i>Deceiving</i> , hers ; . . . . .	„ 38
All <i>Faults</i> that name, nay, that <i>Hell</i> knows . . . . .	„ 38
Art thou a <i>Fædary</i> for this <i>Act</i> . . . . .	„ 42
So <i>Virgin-like</i> without? . . . . .	„ 42
This <i>Service</i> , is not <i>Service</i> . . . . .	„ 44
The <i>World</i> may read in me . . . . .	„ 45
Into my <i>Story</i> . . . . .	„ 46
No, 'tis <i>Slander</i> . . . . .	„ 48
But worn a <i>Bait</i> for <i>Ladies</i> . . . . .	„ 48
Wilt lay the <i>Leaven</i> on all proper men . . . . .	„ 49
The <i>Time</i> inviting thee? . . . . .	„ 50
I'll have this <i>Secret</i> from thy heart . . . . .	„ 56
and when my <i>Lust</i> hath dined . . . . .	„ 57
Two <i>Beggars</i> told me . . . . .	„ 58
That have <i>Afflictions</i> on them . . . . .	„ 58
To lapse in <i>Fulness</i> . . . . .	„ 58
Plenty, and <i>Peace</i> breeds <i>Cowards</i> . . . . .	„ 59
Are Master of the <i>Feast</i> . . . . .	„ 59
Who worship dirty <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 60
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst <i>Friends</i> . . . . .	„ 60
'Mongst <i>Friends</i> ? . . . . .	„ 61
Had been my <i>Fathers</i> Sons, then had my prize . . . . .	„ 61
What pain it cost, what danger : <i>Gods</i> ! . . . . .	„ 61
Pardon me <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 61
My <i>Horse</i> is tied up safe, out <i>Sword</i> . . . . .	„ 63
and the <i>Fellow</i> dares not deceive me . . . . .	„ 63
We'll come to you after <i>Hunting</i> . . . . .	„ 63
Are we not <i>Brothers</i> ? . . . . .	„ 63

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As I do love my <i>Father</i> . . . . .	Page 63
The <i>Bier</i> at door . . . . .	„ 64
My <i>Father</i> , not this youth . . . . .	„ 64
O worthiness of Nature, breed of <i>Greatness</i> . . . . .	„ 64
I'm not their <i>Father</i> , yet who this should be . . . . .	„ 64
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet <i>Fish</i> . . . . .	„ 64
To'th' <i>Field</i> , to'th' <i>Field</i> . . . . .	„ 64
For you must be our <i>Housewife</i> . . . . .	„ 64
Was that it was, for not being such a <i>Smile</i> . . . . .	„ 65
The <i>Smile</i> , mocking the <i>Sigh</i> . . . . .	„ 65
I know 'tis he: We are held as <i>Out-Laws</i> . . . . .	„ 65
He is but one: you, and my <i>Brother</i> search . . . . .	„ 67
Displace our heads, where (thanks the <i>Gods</i> ) . . . . .	„ 67
If we do fear this <i>Body</i> hath a tail . . . . .	„ 68
Oh <i>Melancholy</i> . . . . .	„ 70
Yet left in <i>Heaven</i> , as small a drop of pity . . . . .	„ 73
Hath alter'd that good <i>Picture</i> ? . . . . .	„ 75
Thy <i>Name</i> well fits thy <i>Faith</i> . . . . .	„ 76
I'll hide my <i>Master</i> from the <i>Flies</i> , as deep . . . . .	„ 76
Some <i>Falls</i> are means the happier to arise . . . . .	„ 76
The want is, but to put those <i>Powers</i> in motion . . . . .	„ 77
They <i>Rescue</i> <i>Cymbeline</i> , and <i>Exeunt</i> . . . . .	„ 82
Who dares not stand his <i>Foe</i> , I'll be his <i>Friend</i> . . . . .	„ 84
To be i'th' <i>Field</i> , and ask what news of me . . . . .	„ 84
To-day how many would have given their <i>Honours</i> . . . . .	„ 84
Great the <i>Answer</i> be . . . . .	„ 84
Who had not now been drooping here, if <i>Seconds</i> . . . . .	„ 85
My <i>Conscience</i> , thou art fetter'd . . . . .	„ 85
you good <i>Gods</i> give me . . . . .	„ 85
The penitent <i>Instrument</i> to pick that <i>Bolt</i> . . . . .	„ 85
So <i>Children</i> temporal <i>Fathers</i> do appease . . . . .	„ 85
Your low-laid Son, our <i>Godhead</i> will uplift . . . . .	„ 88
His <i>Comforts</i> thrive, his <i>Trials</i> well are spent . . . . .	„ 88

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This Tablet lay upon his <i>Breast</i> . . . . .	Page 88
More sweet than our blest <i>Fields</i> . . . . .	„ 88
As when his <i>God</i> is pleas'd . . . . .	„ 88
What Fairies haunt this ground? A <i>Book</i> ? Oh rare one . . . . .	„ 89
A heavy reckoning for you Sir: <i>But</i> the comfort . . . . .	„ 89
Purse and Brain, both empty: the <i>Brain</i> the heavier . . . . .	„ 90
(the <i>Liver, Heart, and Brain of Britain</i> ) . . . . .	„ 91
O most delicate <i>Fiend</i> ! . . . . .	„ 92
Of <i>Heaven and Men</i> ) her purposes . . . . .	„ 93
We did, so please your <i>Highness</i> . . . . .	„ 93
But since the <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 93
Wilt have him live? Is he thy <i>Kin</i> ? thy <i>Friend</i> ? . . . . .	„ 94
Than I to your <i>Highness</i> , who being born your vassal . . . . .	„ 94
(Which is our <i>Honour</i> ) . . . . .	„ 95
That <i>Diamond</i> upon your <i>Finger</i> , say . . . . .	„ 95
For <i>Beauty</i> , that made barren the swell'd boast . . . . .	„ 96
Pieces of <i>Gold</i> , 'gainst this, . . . . .	„ 96
No lesser of her <i>Honour</i> confident . . . . .	„ 96
Post I in this design: <i>Well</i> may you ( <i>Sir</i> ) . . . . .	„ 96
<i>Italian Fiend</i> . . . . .	„ 96
If this be so, the <i>Gods</i> do mean to strike me . . . . .	„ 98
Lady, the <i>Gods</i> throw stones of sulphur on me, if . . . . .	„ 98
Oh <i>Gods</i> ! . . . . .	„ 99
How now, my <i>Flesh</i> ? my <i>Child</i> ? . . . . .	„ 99
Then spare not the old <i>Father</i> . . . . .	„ 101
How? my <i>Issue</i> . . . . .	„ 102
The benediction of the covering <i>Heavens</i> . . . . .	„ 102
To in-lay <i>Heaven</i> with <i>Stars</i> . . . . .	„ 102
I lost my <i>Children</i> . . . . .	„ 102
But not the <i>Time</i> , nor <i>Place</i> . . . . .	„ 103
The <i>Soldier</i> that did company these three . . . . .	„ 104
That ever swore her <i>Faith</i> . . . . .	„ 104
Set we forward: <i>Let</i> . . . . .	„ 106



Lines in Cymbeline containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio (1632.)

The <i>Love</i> I bear him, made me to fan you thus	Page 22
The <i>Natural</i> bravery of your Isle	„ 39
I am most glad you think of other <i>Place</i>	„ 51
He on the <i>Ground</i> , my speech of insultment ended	„ 57
Good <i>Masters</i> harm me not	„ 60
your Commission will tie you to the <i>Numbers</i>	„ 62
An arm as big as thine ? A <i>Heart</i> , as big	„ 66
With <i>Female</i> Fairies will his Tomb be haunted	„ 71
Unless my <i>Sins</i> abuse my Divination	„ 75
To second ills with ills, each <i>Elder</i> worse	„ 80

Lines in *Cymbeline* containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped  
the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664.)

Her Husband banish'd . . . . .	Page 1
Died with their Swords in hand. For which, their <i>F</i> ather . . . . .	„ 2
O dissembling Courteay ! How fine this Tyrant . . . . .	„ 3
O the Gods ! . . . . .	„ 5
I am senseless of your <i>W</i> rath ; a <i>T</i> ouch more rare . . . . .	„ 5
Sir, I would advise you to shift a <i>S</i> hirt . . . . .	„ 7
I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th' <i>H</i> aven . . . . .	„ 8
I am in <i>H</i> eaven for him . . . . .	„ 9
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North . . . . .	„ 9
<i>H</i> ow creeps acquaintance . . . . .	„ 10
His <i>F</i> ather and I were Soldiers together . . . . .	„ 10
I will bring from thence, that <i>H</i> onour of hers . . . . .	„ 13
You are a <i>F</i> riend, and therein the wiser . . . . .	„ 13
Pleaseth your <i>H</i> ighness, ay . . . . .	„ 14
Where <i>F</i> olly now possesses. <i>D</i> o thou work . . . . .	„ 16
Continue where he is : <i>T</i> o shift his being . . . . .	„ 16
A <i>F</i> oolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady . . . . .	„ 17
That mount the Capital : <i>J</i> oin gripes with hands . . . . .	„ 20
O dearest Soul : your Cause doth strike . . . . .	„ 21
<i>B</i> lessed live you long . . . . .	„ 22
That which he is, new o'er : And he is one . . . . .	„ 22
He sits 'mongst men like a defended <i>G</i> od . . . . .	„ 22
Honour'd with confirmation your great <i>J</i> udgment . . . . .	„ 22
but the Gods made you . . . . .	„ 22
(The best <i>F</i> eather of our <i>W</i> ing) . . . . .	„ 23
To have smell'd like a <i>F</i> ool . . . . .	„ 24

every Jack-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting	Page 24
and 'tis thought one of Leonatus Friends	25
You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues	25
Enter Imogen, in her Bed.	25
the Flame o'th'Taper	26
Such and such Pictures: There the Window	26
The treasure of her Honour	27
If you can penetrate	27
Encrease your Services:	28
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold	29
and 'tis Gold	29
There is Gold for you	30
I am sprighted with a Fool	31
Did call my Father, was, I know not where	38
Oh all the Devils:	38
to master Cæsar's Sword	40
The sides o'th'World	40
whose use the Sword of Cæsar	40
She's punish'd for her Truth	41
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Fows; which I	42
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,	42
You clasp young Cupids Tables: good News Gods	42
That we shall make in Time	43
Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickness, say	43
And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you	44
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in War	44
When we are old as you? When we shall hear	45
The Rain and wind beat dark December?	45
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage	45
Speak man, thy Tongue	47
if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers	48
The perturb'd Court	50
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek	52

Your laboursome and dainty <i>Trims</i> , wherein . . . . .	Page 52
And fit you to your <i>Manhood</i> : may the <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 53
I love, and hate her : for she's <i>Fair</i> and <i>Royal</i> . . . . .	„ 55
The <i>Night</i> to'th' <i>Owl</i> . . . . .	„ 61
<i>Base</i> things sire <i>Base</i> . . . . .	„ 64
for not being such a <i>Smile</i> . . . . .	„ 65
The <i>Smile</i> mocking the <i>Sigh</i> . . . . .	„ 65
Come as the <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 68
<i>Triumphs</i> for nothing, and lamenting <i>Toys</i> . . . . .	„ 70
Conspir'd with that <i>Irregulous</i> devil <i>Cloten</i> . . . . .	„ 74
But first, and't please the <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 76
By a sharp <i>Torture</i> . . . . .	„ 77
And meet the <i>Time</i> , as it seeks us . . . . .	„ 77
Drawn on with <i>Torture</i> . . . . .	„ 78
Hath not deserv'd my <i>Service</i> , nor your <i>Loves</i> . . . . .	„ 79
But to be still hot <i>Summers Tanlings</i> . . . . .	„ 79
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 81
Away boy from the <i>Troops</i> , and save thyself . . . . .	„ 82
Lolling the <i>Tongue</i> with slaught'ring . . . . .	„ 82
More plentiful, than <i>Tools</i> to do't . . . . .	„ 82
Still going ? <i>This</i> is a <i>Lord</i> : oh Noble misery . . . . .	„ 84
That draw his <i>Knives</i> i'th' <i>War</i> . . . . .	„ 84
If of my <i>Freedom</i> 'tis the main part . . . . .	„ 85
(his wife, and <i>Mother</i> to <i>Posthumus</i> ) . . . . .	„ 86
No more thou <i>Thunder-Master</i> . . . . .	„ 86
I died whilst in the <i>Womb</i> he staid . . . . .	„ 86
but took me in my <i>Throes</i> . . . . .	„ 86
To taint his <i>Nobler</i> heart and brain . . . . .	„ 87
For this from stiller <i>Seats</i> we came . . . . .	„ 87
Our <i>Fealty</i> , and <i>Tenantius</i> right, with <i>Honour</i> to maintain . . . . .	„ 87
Then <i>Jupiter</i> , the King of <i>Oods</i> . . . . .	„ 87
<i>This Tablet</i> lay upon his <i>Breast</i> . . . . .	„ 87
He came in <i>Thunder</i> , his <i>Celestial</i> breath . . . . .	„ 87

Stand by my side you, whom the <i>Gods</i> have made . . .	Page 91
The heir of his <i>Reward</i> . . . . .	„ 91
Of Heaven, and <i>Men</i> . . . . .	„ 93
Let him be ransom'd : <i>Never Master</i> had . . .	„ 94
With my request, which I'll make bold your <i>Highness</i>	„ 94
One <i>Sand</i> another . . . . .	„ 95
My <i>Daughter</i> ? what of her ? Renew thy strength . .	„ 96
'twas at a <i>Feast</i> , oh would . . . . .	„ 96
I having ta'en the forfeit. <i>Whereupon</i> . . . .	„ 97
Oh give me <i>Cord</i> , or <i>Knife</i> , or <i>Poison</i> , . . . .	„ 98
For <i>Torturers</i> ingenious : it is I . . . . .	„ 98
With his <i>Sword</i> drawn, foam'd at the mouth . . .	„ 100
Marry, the <i>Gods</i> forbend . . . . .	„ 100
Pluck a hard sentence : <i>Prythee</i> valiant youth . .	„ 100
More of thee merited, than a <i>Band</i> of <i>Clotens</i> . .	„ 101
What of him ? He is a banish'd <i>Traitor</i> . . . .	„ 101
and all my <i>Treason</i> that I suffer'd . . . . .	„ 102
Their Nurse <i>Euriphile</i> . . . . .	„ 102
Excited me to <i>Treason</i> . . . . .	„ 102
To in-lay <i>Heaven</i> with <i>Stars</i> . . . . .	„ 102
I have got two <i>Worlds</i> by't . . . . .	„ 103
When shall I hear all through ? <i>This</i> fierce abridgment	„ 103
And she (like harmless <i>Lightning</i> ) throws her eye . .	„ 103
The piece of tender <i>Air</i> , thy virtuous <i>Daughter</i> . .	„ 105
To the Majestic <i>Cedar</i> join'd : whose <i>Issue</i> . . .	„ 105
Whom heavens in <i>Justice</i> both on her and hers . .	„ 106
Laud we the <i>Gods</i> . . . . .	„ 106
From our blest <i>Altars</i> . Publish we this <i>Peace</i> . .	„ 106
Our <i>Peace</i> we'll ratify : Seal it with <i>Feasts</i> . . .	„ 106

Lines in *Cymbeline* containing Words showing New Emphasis-Capitals  
which appear in the Third Folio (1664).

His daughter, and the heir of's <i>Kingdom</i>	Page 1
Takes <i>Prisoner</i> the wild motion of mine eye	20
The <i>Love</i> I bear him	22
(Unlike all others) chaffless. Pray your <i>Pardon</i>	22
A <i>Stranger</i> that's come to Court to-Night	24
Fold down the <i>Leaf</i> where I have left : to bed	26
And if thou canst awake by four o'th' <i>Clock</i>	26
The <i>Womans</i> : Flattering hers ;	38
And every day do honor to her <i>Grave</i>	47
(Whose <i>Mother</i> was her painting) hath betray'd him	48
The <i>Lamb</i> entreats the <i>Butcher</i> . Where's thy <i>Knife</i> ?	50
Command, into <i>Obedience</i>	52
Give me thy hand, here's my <i>Purse</i>	57
My <i>Father</i> , not this <i>Youth</i>	64
An <i>Arm</i> as big as thine	66
He made those <i>Cloathes</i>	66
I'd let a <i>Parish</i> of such <i>Clotens</i> blood	69
<i>Civility</i> not seen from other : <i>Valour</i>	69
Thou hast finish'd <i>Joy</i> and <i>Moan</i>	72
From the <i>Spungy</i> South, to this part of the <i>West</i>	75
Soft <i>hoa</i> , what <i>Trunk</i> is here	75
As <i>War</i> were hood-wink'd	82
Tis thought the old man, and his <i>Sons</i> , were <i>Angels</i>	84
Most welcome <i>Bondage</i> ; for thou art a way	85
Oh give me <i>Cord</i> , or <i>Knife</i> , or <i>Poison</i>	98
Whom <i>Heavens</i> in <i>Justice</i> both on her, and hers	106

Lines in *Cymbeline* containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals  
escaped the Editors and Printers of the Fourth Folio (1685.)

The pangs of barr'd Affections . . . . .	Page 3
A man, worth any woman : Over-buys me . . . . .	6
left these Notes . . . . .	7
There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent . . . . .	7
How Worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter . . . . .	10
to be put to the abiterment of Swords . . . . .	11
I prais'd her, as I rated her : so do I my Stone . . . . .	11
Thy Pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how . . . . .	14
For my Confections ? Having thus far proceeded . . . . .	14
What are men mad ? Hath Nature given them eyes . . . . .	18
Should yield the world this Ass : A woman, that . . . . .	25
But my design . . . . .	26
And be her Sense but as a Monument . . . . .	26
With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boats . . . . .	39
From off our Coast, twice beaten : and his Shipping . . . . .	40
Thy Fortunes. How ? That I should murder her . . . . .	42
So much as this Fact comes to ? Do't : The Letter . . . . .	42
Who, thy Lord ? That is my Lord Leonatus ? . . . . .	42
Glide thither in a day ? Then true <i>Pisanio</i> ! . . . . .	43
the Art o'th'Court . . . . .	45
As Record of fair Act . . . . .	45
Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave . . . . .	48
Mine Action ? and thine own ? . . . . .	50
A punishment, or Trial ? . . . . .	58
To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? . . . . .	66

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In Embassy to his Mother ; his <i>Body's</i> hostage . . .	Page 69
Fear not <i>Slander</i> , Censure rash . . . . .	„ 72
I have gone all night : <i>Faith</i> , I'll lie down, and sleep . . .	„ 73
All <i>Curses</i> madd'd <i>Hecuba</i> gave the Greeks . . . . .	„ 74
Murd'rous to'th <i>Senses</i> ? That confirms it home . . . . .	„ 74
Last night the very <i>Gods</i> show'd me a <i>Vision</i> . . . . .	„ 75
Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime . . . . .	„ 75
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather : . . . . .	„ 75
Are landed on your <i>Coast</i> , with a supply . . . . .	„ 77
Then enter to his rescue, <i>Bellarius</i> . . . . .	„ 81
Still going ? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery . . . . .	„ 84
To have sav'd their <i>Carcasses</i> ? Took heel to do't . . . . .	„ 84
show thy spite on Mortal <i>Flies</i> : . . . . .	„ 86
Who is't can read a <i>Woman</i> ? Is there more ? . . . . .	„ 92
May be call'd ransom, let it come : <i>Sufficeth</i> . . . . .	„ 93
Post I in this design ; Well may you ( <i>Sir</i> ) . . . . .	„ 97
By tasting of our wrath. How of descent . . . . .	„ 101
The forlorn Soldier, that so Nobly fought . . . . .	„ 104
His <i>Favour</i> , with the Radiant <i>Cymbeline</i> . . . . .	„ 106



Lines in *Cymbeline* containing Words shewing New Emphasis-  
Capitals which appear in the Fourth Folio (1685.)

His Daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom . . . .	Page 1
He purpos'd to his Wives sole Son . . . .	1
By her Election may be truly read . . . .	2
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the Keys . . . .	3
Dear Lady Daughter, peace . . . .	6
Your Son's my Fathers Friend . . . .	6
had I admittance, and opportunity to Friend . . . .	12
if I bring you no sufficient Testimony . . . .	13
And Enemy to my Son . . . .	15
To load thy merit richly. Call my Women . . . .	16
Think on my words. A sly, and constant Knave . . . .	16
It cannot be i'th' Eye . . . .	18
A Gallian-Girl at home. He Furnaces . . . .	19
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from free Lungs . . . .	19
What Woman is . . . .	19
For assured Bondage . . . .	19
Ay Madam, with his Eyes in flood with laughter . . . .	19
Deliver with more openness your Answers . . . .	20
Had I this Cheek . . . .	20
To bathe my Lips upon : this Hand . . . .	20
To'th' Oath of loyalty . . . .	20
Slaver with Lips as common as the stairs . . . .	20
then by peeping in an Eye . . . .	20
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time . . . .	20
In your despight, upon your Purse . . . .	21

More noble than that Runagate to your <i>Bed</i> . . . . .	Page 21
Let me my service tender on your <i>Lips</i> . . . . .	„ 21
Away, I do condemn mine <i>Ears</i> . . . . .	„ 21
In the <i>Election</i> of a Sir so rare . . . . .	„ 22
Are <i>Partners</i> in the business . . . . .	„ 23
(The best Feather of our <i>Wing</i> ) . . . . .	„ 23
as if I borrowed mine <i>Oaths</i> of him . . . . .	„ 24
not for any standers by to curtall his <i>Oaths</i> . . . . .	„ 24
No my Lord ; nor crop the <i>Ears</i> of them . . . . .	„ 24
Whorson <i>Dog</i> : I gave him satisfaction . . . . .	„ 24
I am not vex'd more at anything in th' <i>Earth</i> . . . . .	„ 24
a <i>Pox</i> on't . . . . .	„ 24
your <i>Issues</i> being <i>Foolish</i> do not derogate . . . . .	„ 25
Should yield the <i>World</i> this <i>Ass</i> . . . . .	„ 25
A Mother hourly coining <i>Plots</i> . . . . .	„ 25
The <i>Walls</i> of thy dear Honour . . . . .	„ 25
Who's there ? My <i>Woman</i> : <i>Helen</i> ? . . . . .	„ 25
Mine <i>Eyes</i> are weak . . . . .	„ 26
to <i>Bed</i> . . . . .	„ 26
Such, and such pictures : There the <i>Window</i> . . . . .	„ 26
O sleep, thou Ape of <i>Death</i> . . . . .	„ 26
As slippery as the <i>Gordian-Knot</i> was hard . . . . .	„ 26
Though this a <i>Heavenly Angel</i> : <i>Hell</i> is here . . . . .	„ 27
Winning will put any man into <i>Courage</i> . . . . .	„ 27
it's almost <i>Morning</i> , is't not . . . . .	„ 27
I am advised to give her Music a <i>Mornings</i> . . . . .	„ 27
Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens <i>Gate</i> sings . . . . .	„ 28
And winking <i>Mary-buds</i> begin to ope their Golden <i>Eyes</i> . . . . .	„ 28
A voice in her <i>Ears</i> which Horse-hairs and Calves- <i>Guts</i> . . . . .	„ 28
but take this Service, I have done, <i>Fatherly</i> . . . . .	„ 28
Attend you here the door of our stern <i>Daughter</i> . . . . .	„ 28
Prefer you to his <i>Daughter</i> . . . . .	„ 28
When you have given good <i>Morning</i> to your <i>Mistress</i> . . . . .	„ 29

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I know her <i>Women</i> are about her	Page 29
One of her <i>Women</i> Lawyer to me	„ 29
I pray you spare me, ' <i>Faith</i>	„ 30
One bred of Alms and fostered with cold <i>Dishes</i> ,	„ 31
His Garments? Now the <i>Devil</i>	„ 31
Frighted, and angred worse : Go bid my <i>Woman</i>	„ 31
I saw't this <i>Morning</i>	„ 32
Quake in the present <i>Winters</i> state	„ 32
I must die much your <i>Debtor</i>	„ 32
Your very goodness, and your <i>Company</i>	„ 32
Worthy his frowning at. Their <i>Discipline</i>	„ 33
That 'mend upon the <i>World</i>	„ 33
To make your <i>Vessel</i> nimble	„ 33
I will confirm with <i>Oath</i> , which I doubt not	„ 34
First, her <i>Bed-Chamber</i>	„ 34
The <i>Wager</i> you have laid	„ 35
It is a <i>Basilisk</i> unto mine <i>Eye</i>	„ 36
The <i>Government</i> of <i>Patience</i>	„ 37
we will pay him <i>Tribute</i> for <i>Light</i>	„ 40
The warlike feats I have done, his <i>Spirits</i> fly out	„ 46
The <i>Duty</i> of the <i>Day</i>	„ 54
A thing more made of malice, than of <i>Duty</i>	„ 54
would I had <i>Wings</i> to follow it	„ 58
You Heavenly <i>Blessings</i> on her	„ 58
Have made the ground my <i>Bed</i>	„ 58
Poor <i>House</i> , that keep'st thyself	„ 59
Finds the <i>Down-Pillow</i> hard	„ 59
But that it eats our <i>Victuals</i>	„ 59
Were you a <i>Woman</i> , youth	„ 60
I'd change my <i>Sex</i> to be Companion with them	„ 61
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your <i>Levy</i> :	„ 62
the <i>Lines</i> of my <i>Body</i> are as well drawn as his	„ 62
Posthumus, thy <i>Head</i> (which now is growing upon thy shoulders)	„ 62

Love's reason's, without reason. The Bier at Door . . .	Page 64
With Winds, that Sailors rail at . . .	„ 65
It is great Morning. Come away . . .	„ 65
That fly me thus ? Some Villain Mountaineers . . .	„ 65
Die the Death . . .	„ 66
None in the World : you did mistake him sure . . .	„ 67
Which then he wore : the snatches in his Voice . . .	„ 67
My Head, as I do his . . .	„ 67
I am perfect what : cut off one Clotens Head . . .	„ 67
For we do fear the Law. What Company . . .	„ 67
No single Soul . . .	„ 68
Can we set Eye on . . .	„ 68
His Head from him . . .	„ 68
I love thee Brotherly, but envy much . . .	„ 68
And praise myself for Charity . . .	„ 69
Not wagging his sweet Head . . .	„ 69
O'th'Floor . . .	„ 70
His Arms thus leagued . . .	„ 70
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave . . .	„ 71
The Flower thats like thy Face . . .	„ 71
Is now due Debt. To'th'Grave . . .	„ 71
And let us (Polidore) though now our Voices . . .	„ 71
Great griefs I see Med'cine the less . . .	„ 71
(That Angel of the World) . . .	„ 72
Thersites Body is as good as Ajax . . .	„ 72
Thou thy Worldly task hast done . . .	„ 72
Nor no Witch-craft charm thee . . .	„ 72
And renowned be thy Grave . . .	„ 73
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees . . .	„ 73
I thank you : by yond Bush ? . . .	„ 73
Are sometimes like onr Judgments, blind. Good Faith . . .	„ 73
As a Wrens Eye . . .	„ 73
The Brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial Face . . .	„ 74

Murther in <i>Heaven</i> ? . . . . .	Page 74.
Conspir'd with that Irregulous <i>Devil</i> , Cloten . . . . .	„ 74
From this most bravest <i>Vessel</i> of the <i>World</i> . . . . .	„ 74
What have you dream'd of late of this <i>Wars</i> purpose . . . . .	„ 75
Last night, the very <i>Gods</i> shew'd me a <i>Vision</i> . . . . .	„ 75
And on it said a <i>Century</i> of <i>Prayers</i> . . . . .	„ 76
As <i>Soldiers</i> can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine <i>Eyes</i> . . . . .	„ 76
Hold me your <i>Loyal</i> <i>Servant</i> . . . . .	„ 77
For <i>Friends</i> kill <i>Friends</i> , and the disorder's such . . . . .	„ 82
A <i>Leg</i> of <i>Rome</i> shall not return to tell . . . . .	„ 85
You have <i>Locks</i> upon you . . . . .	„ 85
By'th'sure <i>Physician</i> , <i>Death</i> ; who is the <i>Key</i> . . . . .	„ 85
an old man, attired like a <i>Warrior</i> . . . . .	„ 86
an ancient <i>Matron</i> (his <i>Wife</i> and <i>Mother</i> to <i>Posthumus</i> ) . . . . .	„ 86
whose <i>Face</i> I never saw . . . . .	„ 86
from this <i>Earth</i> -vexing smart . . . . .	„ 86
as great <i>Sicilius</i> <i>Heir</i> . . . . .	„ 87
By <i>Med'cine</i> life may be prolong'd, yet <i>Death</i> . . . . .	„ 92
Which (being cruel to the <i>World</i> ) concluded . . . . .	„ 92
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet <i>Cheeks</i> . . . . .	„ 92
Married your <i>Royalty</i> , was <i>Wife</i> to your place . . . . .	„ 92
Believe her <i>Lips</i> in opening it . . . . .	„ 92
Your <i>Daughter</i> , whom she bore in hand to love . . . . .	„ 92
Mine <i>Eyes</i> . . . . .	„ 93
Mine <i>Ears</i> that hear her flattery . . . . .	„ 93
That their good <i>Souls</i> may be appeas'd . . . . .	„ 93
So think of your <i>Estate</i> . . . . .	„ 93
To say, live <i>Boy</i> . . . . .	„ 94
Bitter to me, as <i>Death</i> : your <i>Life</i> , good <i>Master</i> . . . . .	„ 94
Than I to your <i>Highness</i> , who being born your <i>Vassal</i> . . . . .	„ 94
Thou'rt my good <i>Youth</i> : my <i>Page</i> . . . . .	„ 95
Is not this <i>Boy</i> reviv'd from <i>Death</i> ? . . . . .	„ 95
he <i>Eyes</i> us not . . . . .	„ 95

My Boon is, that this Gentleman may render . . . . .	95
Twixt Sky and ground . . . . .	96
That Paragon, thy Daughter . . . . .	96
Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving . . . . .	96
His Mistress Picture, which, by his tongue, being made . . . . .	96
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trulls, or his Description . . . . .	97
Prov'd us unspeaking Sots . . . . .	97
Your Daughters Chastity, (there it begins) . . . . .	97
He spake of her, as Dian had hot Dreams . . . . .	97
upon his honour'd Finger . . . . .	97
Egregious Murderer, Thief, anything . . . . .	97
That all th'abhorred things o'th'Earth amend . . . . .	98
That caus'd a lesser Villain than myself . . . . .	98
The Dogs o'th'Street to bay me : every Villain . . . . .	98
Be Villany less than 'twas . . . . .	98
My Queen, my Life, my Wife : oh Imogen . . . . .	98
Shall's have a Play of this ? . . . . .	98
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me . . . . .	98
Hang there like Fruit, my Soul . . . . .	99
Prove Holy-water on thee . . . . .	99
With unchaste purpose, and with Oath to violate . . . . .	100
I would not thy good deeds, should from my Lips . . . . .	100
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's Head . . . . .	100
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous Speech . . . . .	101
Assum'd this Age . . . . .	101
The whole World shall not save him . . . . .	101
I am too blunt, and saucy : here's my Knee . . . . .	101
Fall on their Heads like dew . . . . .	182
Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star . . . . .	103
To be his Evidence now . . . . .	103
But I am truest Speaker . . . . .	103
Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too . . . . .	104
The Soldier that did Company these three . . . . .	104

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As then your force did. Take that <i>Life</i> , beseech you . . .	„ 104
When as as a <i>Lions Whelp</i> . . . . .	„ 105
The <i>Fingers</i> of the Powers above do tune . . . . .	„ 106
The <i>Harmony</i> of this Peace . . . . .	„ 106
From South to West, on <i>Wing</i> soaring aloft . . . . .	„ 106

# THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

---

*Actus Primus.      Scæna Prima.*

---

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but Frowns.  
Our bloods no more obey the Heavens  
Than our Courtiers :  
Still seem, as does the Kings.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom (whom  
He purpos'd to his wives sole Son, a Widow  
That late be married) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,  
Her Husband banish'd ; she imprison'd, all  
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King ?

1 He that hath lost her too : so is the Queen,  
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 And why so ?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing  
Too bad, for bad report : and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her, alack good man,  
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,  
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth  
For one, his like ; there would be something failing



In him, that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an Outward, and such stuff Within  
Endows a man, but he.

2 You speak him far.

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himself,  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth ?

1 I cannot delve him to the root : His Father  
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did join his Honor  
Against the Romans, with *Cassibulan*,  
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom  
He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Success :  
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.  
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)  
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th'time  
Died with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father  
Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow  
That he quit Being ; and his gentle Lady  
Big of this Gentleman (our Theme) deceased  
As he was born. The King he takes the Babe  
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,  
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,  
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of, which he took  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,  
And in's Spring, became a Harvest : Liv'd in Court  
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,  
A sample to the youngest : to th'more Mature,  
A glass that feated them : and to the graver,  
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress,  
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price  
Proclaims how she esteemed him ; and his Virtue  
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, even out of your report.  
But pray you tell me, is she sole child to'th'King ?

1 His only child :

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old  
I'th'swathing clothes, the other from their Nursery  
Were stol'n, and to this hour, no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago ?

1 Some twenty years.

2 That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,  
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow  
That could not trace them.

1 Howsoe'er, 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at :  
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I do well believe you.

1 We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,  
The Queen, and Princess.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.*

*Qn.* No, be assur'd you shall not find me (Daughter)  
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but  
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,  
So soon as I can win th'offended King,  
I will be known your Advocate : marry yet  
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* 'Please your Highness,  
I will from hence to day.

*Qu.* You know the peril :  
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

*Exit.*

*Imo.* O dissembling Courtesy ! How fine this Tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds ? My dearest Husband,  
 I something fear my Fathers wrath, but nothing  
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what  
 His rage can do on me. You must be gone,  
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
 Of angry eyes : not comforted to live,  
 But that there is this Jewel in the world,  
 That I may see again.

*Post.* My Queen, my Mistress :  
 O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause  
 To be suspected of more tenderness  
 Than doth become a man. I will remain  
 The loyal'st husband, that did ere plight troth.  
 My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,  
 Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me  
 Known but by Letter ; thither write (my Queen)  
 And with mine eyes, I'll drink the words you send,  
 Though Ink be made of Gall.

*Enter Queen.*

*Qu.* Be brief, I pray you :  
 If the King come, I shall incur, I know not  
 How much of his displeasure : yet I'll move him  
 To walk this way : I never do him wrong,  
 But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends :  
 Pays dear for my offences.

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
 As long a term as yet we have to live,  
 The loathness to depart, would grow : Adieu.

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little :  
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
 Such parting were too petty. Look here (Love)  
 This Diamond was my Mothers ; take it (Heart)  
 But keep it till you woo another Wife,  
 When *Imogen* is dead.

*Post.* How, how ? Another ?  
 You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,

And sear up my embracements from a next,  
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,  
While sense can keep it on : And sweetest, fairest,  
As I (my poor self) did exchange for you  
To your so infinite loss ; so in our trifles  
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,  
It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it  
Upon this fairest Prisoner.

*Imo.* O the Gods !

When shall we see again ?

*Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the King.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid hence, from my sight :  
If after this command thou fraught the Court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away,  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*Post.* The Gods protect you,  
And bless the good Remainders of the Court :  
I am gone.

*Exit.*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st  
A years age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you Sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation,  
I am senseless of your Wrath ; a Touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past Grace ? Obedience ?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair, that way past Grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had  
The sole Son of my Queen.

*Imo.* O blessed, that I might not : I chose an Eagle,  
And did avoid a Puttock.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my  
Throne, a Seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No, I rather added a lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one !

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :  
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is  
A man, worth any woman : Over-buys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What ? art thou mad ?

*Imo.* Almost Sir : Heaven restore me : would I were  
A Neat-herds Daughter, and my *Leonatus*  
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Son.

*Enter Queen.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing ;  
They were again together : you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Qu.* Beseech your patience : Peace  
Dear Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day, and being aged  
Die of this Folly.

*Exit.*

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Qu.* Fy, you must give way :  
Here is your Servant. How now Sir ? What news ?

*Pisa.* My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

*Qu.* Ha ?  
No harm I trust is done ?

*Pisa.* There might have been,  
But that my Master rather play'd, than fought,  
And had no help of Anger : they were parted  
By Gentlemen, at hand.

*Qu.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part

To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,  
 I would they were in Afric both together,  
 Myself by with a Needle, that I might prick  
 The goer back. Why came you from your Master ?

*Pisa.* On his command : he would not suffer me  
 To bring him to the Haven : left these Notes  
 Of what commands I should be subject to,  
 When't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Qu.* This hath been  
 Your faithful Servant : I dare lay mine Honour  
 He will remain so.

*Pisa.* I humbly thank your Highness.

*Qu.* Pray walk a-while.

*Imo.* About some half hour hence,  
 Pray you speak with me ;  
 You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.  
 For this time leave me.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Clotten, and two Lords.*

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt ; the Violence of  
 Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice : where air comes  
 out, air comes in : There's none abroad so wholesome as that  
 you vent.

*Clot.* If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
 Have I hurt him ?

2 No faith : not so much as his patience.

1 Hurt him ? His body's a passable Carcase if he be not  
 hurt. It is a through-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 His Steel was in debt, it went o'th'Back-side the Town.

*Clot.* The Villain would not stand me.

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 Stand you ? you have Land enough of your own : But he  
 added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

*Clot.* I would they had not come between us.

2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

*Clot.* And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me.

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you always : her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection Should hurt her.

*Clot.* Come. I'll to my Chamber : would there had been some hurt done.

2 I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

*Clot.* You'll go with us ?

1 I'll attend your Lordship.

*Clot.* Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Imogen and Pisanio.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'Haven,  
And question'd'st every Sail : if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is : What was the last  
That he spake to thee ?

*Pisa.* It was his Queen, his Queen.

*Imo.* Then wav'd his Handkerchief ?

*Pisa.* And kiss'd it, Madam.

*Imo.* Senseless Linen, happier therein than I :  
And that was all ?

*Pisa.* No Madam : for so long  
As he could make me with his eye, or ear,  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchif,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind  
Could best express how slow his Soul sail'd on,

How swift his Ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him,  
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pisa.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings ;  
Crack'd them, but to look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle :  
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a Gnat, to air : and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,  
When shall we hear from him.

*Pisa.* Be assur'd Madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say : Ere I could tell him  
How I would think on him at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such : Or I could make him swear,  
The Shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine Interest, and his Honour : or have charg'd him  
At the sixth hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,  
Tencounter me with Orisons, for then  
I am in Heaven for him : Or ere I could,  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,  
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*La.* The Queen (Madam)  
Desires your Highness Company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,  
I will attend the Queen.

*Pisa.* Madam, I shall.

*Exeunt.*



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*Scena Quinta.*

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*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it Sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a Crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

*Phil.* You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment.

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phil.* His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

*Enter Posthumus.*

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when, I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgment (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

*Iach.* Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in public, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

*Iach.* That Lady is not now living; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her Virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

*Posth.* Being so far provok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her Adorer, not her Friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in Britany; if she went before others. I have seen as that Diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

*Post.* I praised her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken : the one may be sold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

*Iach.* Which the Gods have given you ?

*Post.* Which by their Graces I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours : but you know strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolen too, so your brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail, and the other Casual ; A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress : if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

*Phil.* Let us leave here, Gentlemen ?

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something : but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

*Iach.* What's that ?

*Posth.* A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more ; a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbour's on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

*Post.* What Lady would you choose to assail ?

*Iach.* Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Ducats to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

*Posthumus.* I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it : My Ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are a Friend, and therein the wiser : if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting ; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

*Posthumus.* This is but a custom in your tongue : you bear a graver purpose I hope.

*Iach.* I am the Master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Posthumus.* Will you ? I shall but lend my Diamond till your return : let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match : here's my Ring.

*Phil.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the Gods it is one : if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress : my ten thousand Ducats are yours, so is your Diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in ; She your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours : provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us : only thus far you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate,

If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise :  
for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her  
chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

*Iach.* Your hand, a Covenant : we will have these things  
set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest  
the Bargain should catch cold, and starve : I will fetch my  
Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed.

*French.* Will this hold, think you.

*Phil.* Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow'em.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.*

*Qu.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground,  
Gather those Flowers,  
Make haste. Who has the note of them ?

*Lady.* I Madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.

*Exit Ladies.*

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your Highness, ay : here they are, Madam :  
But I beseech your Grace, without offence  
(My Conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death :  
But though slow, deadly.

*Qu.* I wonder, Doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a Question : Have I not been  
Thy Pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make Perfumes ? Distil ? Preserve ? Yea so,  
That our great King himself doth woo me oft  
For my Confections ? Having thus far proceeded,  
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other Conclusions ? I will try the forces  
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as

We count not worth the hanging (but none human)  
To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your Highness  
Shall from this practice, but make hard your heart :  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome, and infectious.

*Qu.* O content thee.

*Enter Pisanio.*

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him  
Will I first work : He's for his Master,  
And enemy to my Son. How now *Pisanio* ?  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,  
Take your own way.

*Cor.* I do suspect you, Madam.  
But you shall do no harm.

*Qu.* Hark thee, a word.

*Cor.* I do not like her. She doth think she has  
Strange ling'ring poisons : I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice, with  
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has  
Will stupify and dull the Sense a while,  
Which first (perchance) she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,  
Then afterward up higher : but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect : and I, the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Qu.* No further service, Doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave.

*Exit.*

*Qu.* Weeps she still (say'st thou ?)  
Dost thou think in time  
She will not quench, and let instructions enter

Where Folly now possesses ? Do thou work :  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy Master : Greater, for  
His Fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is : To shift his being,  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes, comes to decay  
A days work in him. What shalt thou expect  
To be depender on a thing that leans ?  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends  
So much, as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what : But take it for thy labour,  
It is a thing I made, which hath the King  
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know  
What is more Cordial. Nay, I prythee take it,  
It is an earnest of a farther good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how  
The case stands with her : do't, as from thyself ;  
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy Mistress still, to boot, my Son,  
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King  
To any shape of thy Preferment, such  
As thou'lt desire : and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.  
Think on my words. A sly, and constant knave,  
Not to be shak'd : the Agent for his Master,  
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold  
The hand-fast to her Lord. I have given him that,  
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of Liegers for her Sweet : and which, she after  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd  
To taste of too.

*Exit Pisa.*

*Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.*

So, so : Well done, well done :

The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prime-Roses

Bear to my Closet : Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.

Think on my words.

*Exit Qu. and Ladies.*

*Pisa.* And shall do :

But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,

I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you.

*Exit.*

*Scena Septima.*

*Enter Imogen alone.*

*Imo.* A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,  
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,  
That hath her Husband banish'd : O, that Husband,  
My supreme Crown of grief, and those repeated  
Vexations of it. Had I been Thief-stol'n,  
As my two Brothers, happy : but most miserable  
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie.

*Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.*

*Pisa.* Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,  
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

*Iach.* Change you, Madam :  
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,  
And greets your Highness dearly.

*Imo.* Thanks good Sir,  
You're kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich :  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare  
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird ; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my Friend :  
Arm me Audacity from head to foot,  
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,



Rather directly fly.

*Imogen reads.*

*He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankfully.  
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks fairest Lady:

What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop  
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones  
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not  
Partition make with Spectales so precious  
Twixt fair, and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys  
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mows the other. Nor i'th'judgment:  
For Idiots in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite: Nor i'th'Appetite.  
Sluttery to such neat Excellence, oppos'd  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter trow?

*Iach.* The Cloyed will:

That satiate yet unsatisf'd desire, that Tub  
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb,  
Longs after for the Garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear Sir,  
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,

Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:  
He's strange and peevish.

*Pisa.* I was going Sir,  
To give him welcome.

*Exit.*

*Imo.* Continues well my Lord?  
His health beseech you?

*Iach.* Well, Madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,  
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton Reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here  
He did incline to sadness, and oft times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one  
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves  
A Gallian-Girl at home. He furnaces  
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,  
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,  
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows  
By History, Report, or his own proof  
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose  
But must be: will's free hours languish:  
For assured bondage?

*Imo.* Will my Lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,  
It is a Recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman:  
But Heaven's know some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he I hope.

*Iach.* Not he:  
But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might  
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;  
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.  
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity Sir ?

*Iach.* Two Creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one Sir ?

You look on me : what wrack discern you in me  
Deserves your pity ?

*Iach.* Lamentable : what  
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace  
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuff.

*Imo.* I pray you Sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

*Iach.* That others do,  
(I was about to say) enjoy your —— but  
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me ; pray you  
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do. For Certainities  
Either are past remedies ; or timely knowing,  
The remedy then born. Discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach'* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon : this hand, whose touch,  
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soul  
To'th'oath of loyalty. This object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fiering it only here, should I (damn'd then)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol : Join gripes, with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as  
With labour :) then by peeping in an eye  
Base and illustrious as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking Tallow : it were fit  
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My Lord, I fear

Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself, not I  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The Beggary of his change : but 'tis your Graces  
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest Soul : your Cause doth strike my hart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an Empery  
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd  
With Tomboys hir'd, with that self exhibition  
Which your own Coffers yield : with diseas'd ventures  
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,  
Which rottenness can lend Nature. Such boil'd stuff  
As well might poison Poison. Be reveng'd,  
Or she that bore you, was no Queen, and you  
Recoil from your great Stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd :  
How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,  
(As I have such a Heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd ?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps  
In your despight, upon your purse : revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More Noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your Affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, *Pisanio* ?

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable  
Thou would'st have told this tale for Virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange :

Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far  
 From thy report, as thou from Honour : and  
 Solicits here a Lady, that disdains  
 Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio* ?  
 The King my Father shall be made acquainted  
 Of thy Assault : if he shall think it fit,  
 A saucy Stranger in his Court, to Mart  
 As in a Romish Stew, and to expound  
 His beastly mind to us ; he hath a Court  
 He little cares for, and a Daughter, who  
 He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio* ?

*Iach.* O happy *Leonatus* I may say,  
 The credit that thy Lady hath of thee  
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness  
 Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,  
 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever  
 Country call'd his ; and you his Mistress, only  
 For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon,  
 I have spoke this to know if your Affiance  
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,  
 That which he is, new o'er : And he is one  
 The truest manner'd : such a holy Witch,  
 That he enchants Societies into him :  
 Half all men hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men like a defended God ;  
 He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,  
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry  
 (Most mighty Princess) that I have adventur'd  
 To try your taking of a false report, which hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgment,  
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,  
 Which you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,  
 Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you  
 (Unlike all others) chaffless. Pray your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well Sir :  
 Take my power i'th' Court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks : I had almost forgot  
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns :  
Your Lord, myself, and other Noble Friends  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray what is't ?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord  
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled sums  
To buy a Present for the Emperor :  
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done  
In France : 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels  
Of rich, and exquisite form, their values great,  
And I am something curious, being strange  
To have them in safe stowage : May it please you  
To take them in protection.

*Imo.* Willingly :

And pawn mine Honour for their safety, since  
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my Bed-Chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a Trunk  
Attended by my men : I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night :  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O no, no.

*Iach.* Yes I beseech : or I shall short my word  
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,  
I cross'd the Seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your Grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains :  
But not away to-morrow.

*Iach.* O I must Madam.  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night,  
I have out-stood my time, which is material  
To'th'tender of our Present.

*Imo.* I will write :  
Send your Trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you : you're very welcome.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

---

*Enter Clotten and the two Lords.*

*Clot.* Was there ever man had such luck? when I kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson Jack-an-Apes, must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowl.

2. If his wit had been like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

*Clot.* When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oaths. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

*Clot.* Whorson dog: I gave him satisfaction? would he had been one of my Rank.

2. To have smell'd like a Fool.

*Clot.* I am not vex'd more at anything in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother: every Jack-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that nobody can match.

2. You are Cock and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your comb on.

*Clot.* Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

*Clot.* No, I know that: but it is fit that I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

*Clot.* Why so I say.

1. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

*Clot.* A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

*Clot.* *Leonatus*? A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

*Clot.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

*Clot.* Not easily I think.

2. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

*Clot.* Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at Bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come: go.

2. I'll attend your Lordship.

*Exit.*

That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother  
Should yield the world this Ass: A woman, that  
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princess,  
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,  
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,  
A Mother hourly coining plots: A Wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear Husband. Then that horrid Act  
Of the divorce, he'd make the Heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear Honour. Keep unshak'd  
That Temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand  
T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Secunda.*

---

*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*

*Imo.* Who's there? My woman: *Helen*?

*La.* Please you Madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?



*Lady.* Almost midnight, Madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours then:

Mine eyes are weak,  
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.  
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:  
And if thou canst awake by four o'th'clock,  
I prythee call me: Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.  
To your protection I commend me, Gods,  
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,  
Guard me beseech ye.

*Sleeps.*

*Iachimo from the Trunk.*

*Iach.* The Crickets sing, and mans o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus  
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd  
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*  
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lily,  
And whiter than the Sheets: that I might touch,  
But kiss, one kiss. Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't: 'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper  
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,  
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied  
Under these windows, White and Azure lac'd  
With Blue of Heavens own tinct. But my design.  
To note the Chamber, I will write all down,  
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such  
Th'adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,  
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.  
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,  
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables  
Would testify, t'enrich mine Inventory.  
O sleep, thou Ape of death, lie dull upon her,  
And be her Sense but as a Monument,  
Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off;  
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.  
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the Conscience does within:

To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast  
 A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops  
 I'th'bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,  
 Stronger than ever Law could make; this Secret  
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
 The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?  
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
 Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,  
 The Tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down  
 Where *Philomel* gave up. I have enough,  
 To'th' Trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning  
 May bear the Ravens eye: I lodge in fear,  
 Though this a heavenly Angel: hell is here.

*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three: time, time.

*Exit.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Clotten, and Lords.*

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

*Clot.* It would make any man cold to lose.

1. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you win.

*Clot.* Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

*Clot.* I would this Music would come: I am advised to give her Music a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited

thing ; after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

## SONG.

*Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens gate sings,  
and Phœbus gins arise,  
His Steeds to water at those Springs  
on chalic'd Flowers that lies :  
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes  
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise :  
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : if this penetrate, I will consider your Music the better : if it do not, it is a voice in her ears which Horse-hairs, and Calves-guts, nor the voice of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amed.

*Enter Cymbaline, and Queen.*

2 Here comes the King.

*Clot.* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early : he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter Will she not forth ?

*Clot.* I have assail'd her with Musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The Exile of her Minion is too new,  
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance on't,  
And then she's yours.

*Qu.* You are most bound to'th'King,  
Who let's go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself  
To orderly solicity, and be friended  
With aptness of the season : make denials.  
Encrease your Services : so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which

You tender to her : that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clot.* Senseless? Not so.

*Mes.* So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;  
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

*Cym.* A worthy Fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his : we must receive him  
According to the Honour of his Sender,  
And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us  
We must extend our notice : Our dear Son,  
When you have given good morning to your Mistress,  
Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need  
T'employ you towards this Roman.  
Come our Queen.

*Exeunt.*

*Clot.* If she be up, I'll speak with her: if not  
Let her lie still, and dream: by your leave ho,  
I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold  
Which buys admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes  
*Diana's* Rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their Deer to'th'stand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold  
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Thief:  
Nay, sometime hangs both Thief, and True-man: what  
Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women Lawyer to me, for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave.

*Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

*La.* Who's there that knocks?

*Clot.* A Gentleman.

*La.* No more.

*Clot.* Yes, and a Gentlewomans Son.

*La.* That's more

Than some whose Tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

*Clot.* Your Ladies person, is she ready?

*La.* Ay, to keep her Chamber.

*Clot.* There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

*La.* How, my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good. The Princess.

*Enter Imogen.*

*Clot.* Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,

And scarce can spare them.

*Clot.* Still I swear I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still

That I regard it not.

*Clot.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you spare me, 'faith

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing

Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

*Clot.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin,

I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad Folks.

*Clot.* Do you call me Fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,

That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir),

You put me to forget a Ladies manners

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,

That I which know my heart, do here pronounce

By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so near the lack of Charity

To accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather

You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clot.* You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for  
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,  
One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;  
And though it be allowed in meaner parties  
(Yet who than he more mean) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But Brats and Beggary) in self-figur'd knot,  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by  
The consequence o'th'Crown, and must not, foil  
The precious note of it; with a base Slave,  
A Hilding for a Livery, a Squires Cloth,  
A Pantler; not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane Fellow:

Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more,  
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,  
To be his Groom: thou wer't dignified enough  
Even to the point of Envy. If 'twere made  
Comparative for your Virtues, to be styl'd  
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated  
For being prefer'd so well.

*Clot.* The South-Fog rot him.

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance, than come  
To be but named of thee. His mean'st Garment  
That ever hath but clipt his body; is dearer  
In my respect, than all the Heirs above thee,  
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio*?

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Clot.* His Garments? Now the devil.

*Imo.* To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee presently.

*Clot.* His Garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted with a Fool,  
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman  
Search for a Jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine Arm : it was thy Masters. Shrew me  
 If I would lose it for a Revenue,  
 Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,  
 I saw't this morning : Confident I am.  
 Last night 'twas on mine Arm ; I kiss'd it,  
 I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord  
 That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so : go and search.

*Clot.* You have abus'd me :

His meanest Garment ?

*Imo.* Ay, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.

*Clot.* I will inform your Father.

*Imo.* Your Mother too :

She's my good Lady ; and will conceive, I hope

But the worst of me. So I leave you Sir,

To'th'worst of discontent.

*Exit.*

*Clot.* I'll be reveng'd :

His mean'st Garment ? Well.

*Exit.*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Posthumus, and Philario.*

*Post.* Fear it not Sir : I would I were so sure  
 To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour  
 Will remain her's.

*Phil.* What means do you make to him ?

*Post.* Not any : but abide the change of Time,  
 Quake in the present winters state, and wish  
 That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hope  
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing  
 I must die much your debtor.

*Phil.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
 O'er-pays all I can do. By this your King,  
 Hath heard of Great *Augustus* : *Caius Lucius*,  
 Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

He'll grant the Tribute: send th'Arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe  
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)  
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear  
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing-Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,  
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known  
To their Approvers, they are People, such  
That 'mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*

*Phi.* See *Iachimo*.

*Post.* The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land;  
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phil.* Welcome Sir.

*Post.* I hope the briefness of your answer, made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iachi.* Your Lady,  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon

*Post.* And therewithall the best, or let her beauty  
Look thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iachi.* Here are Letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenure good I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Post.* Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britain Court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet,  
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?



*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,  
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain, for the Ring is won.

*Post.* The Stones too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your Lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make note Sir  
Your loss, your Sport: I hope you know that we  
Must not continue Friends.

*Iach.* Good Sir, we must  
If you keep Covenant: had I not brought  
The knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant  
We were to question farther; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her Honor,  
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can mak't apparent  
That yon have tasted her in Bed; my hand,  
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure Honour; gains, or loses,  
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterless leave both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my Circumstances  
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength  
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her Bed-chamber  
(Where I confess I slept not, but profess  
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd  
With Tapestry of Silk, and Silver, the Story  
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,

And *Sidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for  
The press of Boats, or Pride. A piece of Work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd  
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought  
Since the true life on't was ——

*Post.* This is true :

And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your Honour injury.

*Iach.* The Chimney  
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece  
Chaste *Dian*, bathing : never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves ; the Cutter  
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,  
Motion, and Breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing  
Which you might from Relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The Roof o'th Chamber,  
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids  
Of Silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their Brands.

*Post.* This is her Honor :  
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance) the description  
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then if you can      95  
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel : See,  
And now 'tis up again : it must be married  
To that your Diamond, I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove ——

Once more let me behold it : Is it that  
Which I left with her ?

*Iach.* Sir (I thank her) that 100  
She stripp'd it from her Arm : I see her yet :  
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me,  
And said, she priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you ? doth she ? 105

*Post.* O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too,  
It is a Basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't : Let there be no Honor,  
Where there is Beauty : Truth, where semblance : Love,  
Where there's another man. The Vows of Women,  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made, 111  
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing :  
O, above measure false.

*Phil.* Have patience Sir,  
And take your Ring again, 'tis not yet won :  
It may be probable she lost it : or 115  
Who knows if one her women, being corrupted  
Hath stol'n it from her.

*Post.* Very true,  
And so I hope he came by't : back my Ring,  
Render to me some corporal sign about her  
More evident than this : for this was stol'n. 120

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her Arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears : by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring ; 'tis true : I am sure  
She would not lose it : her Attendants are  
All sworn, and honourable : they induc'd to steal it ? 125  
And by a Stranger ? No, he hath enjoy'd her,  
The Cognisance of her incontinency  
Is this : she hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly  
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell  
Divide themselves between you.

*Phil.* Sir, be patient: 130

This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of.

*Post.* Never talk on't:  
She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her Breast  
(Worthy her pressing) lies a Mole, right proud 135  
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life  
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold, 140  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your Arithmetic,  
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

*Iach.* I'll be sworn.

*Post.* No swearing:  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny 145  
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

*Iach.* I'll deny nothing.

*Post.* O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal:  
I will go there and do't, i'th' Court, before  
Her Father. I'll do something. *Exit.*

*Phil.* Quite besides  
The government of Patience. You have won: 150  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Posthumus.*

*Post.* Is there no way for Men to be, but Women  
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,  
And that most venerable man, which I

Did call my Father, was, I know not where  
When I was stamp'd. Some Coiner with his Tools  
Made me a counterfeit : yet my Mother seem'd  
The *Dian* of that time : so doth my Wife  
The Nonpareil of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me oft forbearance : did it with  
A pudency so Rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ;  
That I thought her  
As Chaste, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!  
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour, was't not?  
Or less ; at first ? Perchance he spoke not, but  
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Jarmen on,  
Cried oh, and mounted ; found no opposition  
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the Womans part : be it Lying, note it,  
The womans : Flattering, hers ; Deceiving, hers :  
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers : Revenges hers :  
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdain,  
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability ;  
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knows,  
Why hers, in part, or all : but rather all For even to Vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still ;  
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them : yet 'tis greater Skill  
In a true Hate, to pray they have their will :  
The very Devils cannot plague them better.

*Exit.*

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*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*


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*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Clotten, and Lords at one door,  
and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

*Luc.* When *Julius Cæsar* (whose remembrance yet  
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues  
Be Theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,  
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Uncle  
(Famous in *Cæsars* praises, no whit less  
Than in his Feats deserving it) for him,  
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately  
Is left untender'd.

*Qu.* And to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clot.* There be many *Cæsars*,  
Ere such another *Julius*: Britain's a world  
By itself, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own Noses.

*Qu.* That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from's, to resume  
We have again. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your Isle, which stands  
As *Neptunes Park*, ribb'd, and pal'd in  
With Oaks unscaleable, and roaring Waters,  
With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boats,  
But suck them up to'th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest  
*Cæsar* made here, but made not here his brag  
Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame  
(The first that ever touch'd h'm) he was carried

From off our Coast, twice beaten : and his Shipping  
 (Poor ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas  
 Like Egg-shells mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point  
 (Oh giglet Fortune) to master *Cæsars* Sword,  
 Made Luds-Town with rejoicing-Fires bright,  
 And Britons strut with Courage.

*Clot.* Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdom  
 is stronger than it was at that time: and (as I said) there is  
 no mo such *Cæsars*, other of them may have crook'd Noses, but  
 to owe such strait Arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your Mother end.

*Clot.* We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as  
*Cassibulan*, I do not say I am one: but I have a hand. Why  
 Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cæsar* can hide  
 the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket,  
 we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir, no more Tribute,  
 pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
 Till the injurious Romans, did extort  
 This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsars* Ambition,  
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o'th'World, against all colour here,  
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Ourselves to be, we do. Say then to *Cæsar*,  
 Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which  
 Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of *Cæsar*  
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,  
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,  
 Though Rome be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our laws  
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
 His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd  
 Himself a King.

*Luc.* I am sorry *Cymbeline*,  
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*

(*Cæsar*, that hath mo Kings his Servants, than  
Thyself Domestic Officers) thine Enemy:  
Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion  
In *Cæsars* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look  
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome *Caius*,  
Thy *Cæsar* Knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him, I gather'd Honour,  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their Liberties are now in Arms: a Precedent  
Which not to read, would shew the Britons cold:  
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clot.* His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with  
us, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other  
terms, you shall find us in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beat  
us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crows  
shall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

*Luc.* So sir.

*Cym.* I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:  
All the Remain, is welcome.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.*

*Pis.* How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus*:  
Oh Master, what a strange infection  
Is fall'n into thy ear? What false Italian,  
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.  
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes  
More Goddess-like, than Wife-like; such Assaults  
As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,



Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were  
 Thy Fortunes, How ? That I should murder her,  
 Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows ; which I  
 Have made to thy command ? I her ? Her blood ?  
 If it be so, to do good service, never  
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
 That I should seem to lack humanity,  
 So much as this Fact comes to ? Do't : The Letter.  
*That I have sent her, by her own command,*  
*Shall give thee opportunity.* Oh damn'd paper,  
 Black as the Ink that's on thee : senseless bauble,  
 Art thou a Foedary for this Act ; and look'st  
 So Virgin-like without ? Lo here she comes.

*Enter Imogen.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Imo.* How now *Pisanio* ?

*Pis.* Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

*Imo.* Who, thy Lord ? That is my Lord *Leonatus* ?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer  
 That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,  
 He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,  
 Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,  
 Of my Lords health, of his content : yet not  
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him ;  
 Some griefs are medcinable, that is one of them,  
 For it doth physic Love, of his content,  
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave : blest be  
 You Bees that make these Locks of counsel. Lovers,  
 And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,  
 Though Forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
 You clasp young *Cupids* Tables : good News Gods.

*Justice, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his Dominion) could not be so cruel to me, as you : (oh the dearest of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven : what your own Love, will*

*out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your increasing in Love.*

Leonatus Pósthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings : Hear'st thou *Pisanio*?  
 He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me  
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
 May plod it in a week, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day ? Then true *Pisanio*,  
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord ; who long'st  
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me : yet long'st  
 But in a fainter kind. Oh not like me :  
 For mine's beyond, beyond : say, and speak thick  
 (Loves Counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To'th'smothering of the Sense) how far it is  
 To this same blessed Milford. And by'th'way  
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
 T'inherit such a Haven. But first of all,  
 How we may steal from hence : and for the gap  
 That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,  
 And our return, to excuse : but first, how get hence.  
 Why should excuse be born or ere begot ?  
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,  
 How many store of Miles may we well rid  
 'Twixt hour, and hour ?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,  
 Madam's enough for you : and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,  
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of Riding wagers,  
 Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands  
 That run i'th'Clocks behalf. But this is Fool'ry,  
 Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickness, say  
 She'll home to her Father ; and provide me presently  
 A Riding Suit : No costlier than would fit  
 A Franklins Huswife.

*Pisa.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me (Man) not here, not here ;

Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them  
That I cannot look through. Away, I prythee,  
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Tertia.*

---

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* A goodly day, not to keep house with such,  
Whose Roof's as low as ours: Sleep Boys, this gate  
Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bows you  
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs  
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through  
And keep their impious Turbans on, without  
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail thou fair Heaven,  
We house i'th'Rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Guid.* Hail Heaven.

*Arrir.* Hail Heaven.

*Bela.* Now for our Mountain sport, up to yond hill  
Your legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a Crow,  
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,  
And you may then revolve what Tales, I have told you,  
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in War.  
This Service, is not Service; so being done,  
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see:  
And often to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,  
Is Nobler, than attending for a check:  
Richer, than doing nothing for a Babe:  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for Silk:  
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his Book uncros'd: no life to ours.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we poor unfledg'd

Have never wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor knows not  
 What Air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,  
 (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you  
 That have a sharper known. Well corresponding  
 With your stiff Age; but unto us, it is  
 A Cell of Ignorance: travelling abed,  
 A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.

*Arvi.* What should we speak of  
 When we are old as you? When we shall hear  
 The Rain and wind beat dark December? How  
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:  
 We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,  
 Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:  
 Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage  
 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,  
 And sing our Bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak.  
 Did you but know the Cities Usuries,  
 And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep: whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling: or so slipp'ry, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o'th' War,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
 I'th'name of Fame, and Honour, which dies i'th'search,  
 And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,  
 As Record of fair Act. Nay, many times  
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse  
 Must curt'sy at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story  
 The World may read in me: My body's mark'd  
 With Roman Swords; and my report, was once  
 First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,  
 And when a Soldier was the Theme, my name  
 Was not far off: then was I as a Tree  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,  
 A Storm, or Robbery (call it what you will)

Shook down my mellow hangings : nay my Leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favour.

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)  
But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,  
I was Confederate with the Romans : so  
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty years,  
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time. But, up to'th'Mountains,  
This is not Hunters Language ; he that strikes  
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast.  
To him the other two shall minister,  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater State :  
I'll meet you in the Valleys.

*Exeunt.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of Nature ?  
These Boys know little they are Sons to'th'King,  
Not *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.  
They think they are mine,  
And though train'd up thus meanly  
I'th'Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit,  
The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them  
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much  
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,  
The heir of *Cymbeline* and Britain, who  
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Jove,  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my Story : say thus mine Enemy fell,  
And thus I see my foot on's neck, even then  
The Princely blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,  
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure

Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more  
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rous'd,  
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and my Conscience knows  
Thou did'st unjustly banish me: whereon  
At three, and two years old, I stole these Babes,  
Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as  
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,  
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave:  
Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd  
They take for Natural Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

---

*Scena Quarta.*

---

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place  
Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so  
To see me first, as I have now: *Pisanio*, Man:  
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself  
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid Senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with  
A look untender? If't be Summer News  
Smile to't before: if Winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that count'nance still. My Husbands hand?  
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,  
And he's at some hard point. Speak man, thy Tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you read,  
And you shall find me (wretched man) a thing  
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

*Imogen reads.*

*Thy Mistress (Pisanio) hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed : the Testimonies whereof, lies bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers ; let thine own hands take away her life : I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose ; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander, Whose edge is sharper than the Sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States, Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

*Imo.* False to his Bed? What is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

*Pisa.* Alas good Lady.

*Imo.* I false? Thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo*, Thou did'st accuse him of Incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a Villain: now, me thinks Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of Italy (Whose mother was her painting) hath betrayed him: Poor I am stale, a Garment out of fashion, And for I am richer than to hang by th'walls, I must be ript: To pieces with me: Oh! Mens Vows are womens Traitors. All good seeming By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought Put on for Villany; not born where't grows, But worn a Bait for Ladies.

*Pisa.* Good Madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false *Aneas*,  
 Were in his time thought false : and *Synons* weeping  
 Did scandal many a holy tear : took pity  
 From most true wretchedness. So thou, *Posthumus*  
 Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men ;  
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd  
 From thy great fail : Come Fellow, be thou honest,  
 Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,  
 A little witness my obedience. Look  
 I draw the Sword myself, take it, and hit  
 The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart :)  
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief :  
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeed  
 The riches of it. (Do his bidding, strike,  
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;  
 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

*Pis.* Hence vile Instrument,  
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die :  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No Servant of thy Masters. Against Self-slaughter,  
 There is a prohibition so Divine,  
 That cravens my weak hand : Come, here's my heart :  
 Something's a-foot : Soft, soft, we'll no defence,  
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,  
 The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,  
 All turn'd to Heresy ? Away, away  
 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
 Be Stomachers to my heart : thus may poor Fools  
 Believe false Teachers : Though those that are betray'd  
 Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,  
 That did'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King  
 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suits  
 Of Princely Fellows, shalt hereafter find  
 It is no act of common passage, but



A strain of Rareness: and I grieve myself,  
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,  
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory  
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,  
 The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's thy knife?  
 Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding  
 When I desire it too.

*Pis.* Oh gracious Lady:  
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
 I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
 Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
 So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?  
 Mine Action? and thine own? Our Horses labour?  
 The Time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court  
 For my being absent? whereunto I never  
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far  
 To be un-bent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
 Th'elected Deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time  
 To lose so bad employment, in the which  
 I have consider'd of a course: good Lady •  
 Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary, speak:  
 I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ear  
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
 Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then Madam,  
 I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like,  
 Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so neither:  
 But if I were as wise, as honest, then  
 My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,  
 But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villain,

Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both  
This cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman Courtezan?

*Pisa.* No, on my life:

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at Court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why good Fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?  
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my Husband?

*Pis.* If you'll back to'th'Court.

*Imo.* No Court, no Father, nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:  
That *Clotten*, whose Love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a Siege.

*Pis.* If not at Court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?

Hath Britain all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?  
Are they not but in Britain? I'th'worlds Volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't:  
In a great Pool, a Swans-nest, prythee think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place: Th'Ambassador,  
*Lucius* the Roman comes to Milford-Haven  
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark, as your Fortune is, and but disguise  
That which t'appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, near.  
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh (at least)  
That though his Actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* Oh for such means,  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a Woman: change  
Command, into obedience. Fear, and Niceness  
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly  
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish courage,  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must  
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,  
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,  
Alack no remedy) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein  
You made great *Juno* angry.

*Imo.* Nay be brief?  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one,  
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit  
(Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all  
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,  
(And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*  
Present yourself, desire his service: tell him  
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,  
If that his head have ear in Music, doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you: for he's Honourable,  
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad:  
You have me rich, and I will never fail  
Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,  
There's more to be consider'd: but we'll even  
All that good time will give us. This attempt,  
I am Soldier to, and will abide it with

A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

*Pis.* Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistress,  
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,  
What's in't is precious : If you are sick at Sea,  
Or Stomach-qualm'd at Land, a Dram of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your Manhood : may the Gods  
Direct you to the best.

*Imo.* Amen : I thank thee.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Scena Quinta.*

---

*Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, Royal Sir

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My Masters Enemy.

*Cym.* Our Subjects (Sir)  
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself  
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear un-Kinglike.

*Luc.* So Sir: I desire of you  
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

*Cym.* My Lords, you are appointed for that Office :  
The due of Honour, in no point omit :  
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

*Luc.* Your hand, my Lord.

*Clot.* Receive it friendly : but from this time forth  
I wear it as your Enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the Event  
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords  
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

*Qu.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

*Clot.* 'Tis all the better,  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness:  
The Power that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Qu.* 'Tis not sleepy business,  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queen,  
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She look us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty,  
We have noted it. Call her before us, for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

*Qu.* Royal Sir,  
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd  
Hath her life been: the Cure whereof, my Lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;  
And strokes death to her.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cym.* Where is she Sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Mes.* Please you Sir,  
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer  
That will be given to'th'loud of noise, we make.

*Qu.* My Lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,

She should that duty leave unpaid to you  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known: but our great Court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I  
Fear, prove false.

*Exit.*

*Qu.* Son, I say, follow the King.

*Clot.* That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant  
I have not seen these two days.

*Exit.*

*Qu.* Go, look after:

*Pisanio*, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,  
He hath a Drug of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that. For he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seiz'd her:  
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,  
To death, or to dishonour, and my end  
Can make good use of either. She being down,  
I have the placing of the British Crown.

*Enter Cloten.*

How now, my Son?

*Clot.* 'Tis certain she is fled:

Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none  
Dare come about him.

*Qu.* All the better: may

This night fore-stall him of the coming day.

*Exit Qu.*

*Clot.* I love, and hate her: for she's Fair and Royal,  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one  
The best she hath, and she of all compounded  
Out-sells them all. I love her therefore, but  
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on  
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd: and in that point

I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fools shall —,

*Enter Pisanio.*

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?  
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villain,  
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else  
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

*Pis.* Oh, good my Lord.

*Clo.* Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,  
I will not ask again. Close Villain,  
I'll have this Secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?  
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my Lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she Sir? Come nearer:  
No farther halting: satisfy me home,  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

*Clo.* All-worthy Villain,  
Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,  
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant, is  
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

*Pis.* Then Sir:  
This Paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.

*Clo.* Let's see't: I will pursue her  
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

*Pis.* Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Humh.

*Pis.* I'll write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

*Clot.* Sirra, is this Letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clot.* It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: undergo those Employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good Lord.

*Clot.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clot.* Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

*Pisan.* I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

*Clot.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that Suit hither, let it be thy first service, go.

*Pis.* I shall my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Clot.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon:) even there, thou villain *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, than my Noble and natural person; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Clothes that she so prais'd:) to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.



*Enter Pisanio.*

Be those the Garments ?

*Pis.* Ay, my Noble Lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fools speed Be cross'd with slowness; Labour be his meed. *Exit.*

---

*Scena Sexta.*

---

*Enter Imogen alone.*

*Imo.* I see a mans life is a tedious one,  
I have tir'd myself: and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,  
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,  
When from the Mountain top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,  
Thou was't within a ken. Oh Jove, I think  
Foundations fly the wretched: such I mean,  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,  
I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie  
That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or Trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness  
Is sorer, than to lie for Need: and Falsehood  
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,  
Thou art one o'th'false Ones: Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was

At point to sink, for Food. But what is this?  
 Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:  
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine  
 Ere clean it o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardness ever  
 Of Hardiness is Mother. Hoa? who's here?  
 If any thing that's civil, speak: if savage,  
 Take or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then I'll enter.  
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy  
 But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
 Such a Foe, good Heavens.

*Exit.*


---

*Scena Septima.*

---

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and  
 Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I  
 Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:  
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die  
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness  
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth  
 Finds the Down-pillow hard. Now peace be here,  
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself.

*Gui.* I am throughly weary.

*Arvi.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i'th'Cave, we'll browse on that  
 Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay, come not in:  
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
 Here were a Fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter an Angel: or if not  
 An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness  
 No elder than a Boy.

*Enter Imogen.*

*Imo.* Good masters harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth  
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd i'th'Floor. Here's money for my Meat,  
I would have left it on the Board, so soon  
As I had made my Meal; and parted  
With Pray'rs for the Provider.

*Gwi.* Money? Youth.

*Arv.* All Gold and Silver rather turn to dirt,  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty Gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whether bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name?

*Imo.* *Fidele* Sir: I have a Kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fall'n in this offence.

*Bel.* Prythee (fair youth),  
Think us no Churls: nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,  
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eat it:  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gwi.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your Groom in honesty:  
I bid for you, as I do buy.

*Arvi.* I'll make't my Comfort  
He is a man, I'll love him as my Brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: would it had been so, that they  
Had been my Fathers Sons, then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee *Posthumus*.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free't.

*Arvi.* Or I, what ere it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger: Gods!

*Bel.* Hark Boys.

*Imo.* Great men  
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own Conscience seal'd them: laying by  
That nothing-gift of differing Multitudes  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me Gods,  
I'd change my sex to be Companion with them,  
Since *Leonatus* false.

*Bel.* It shall be so:

Boys we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth come in;  
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray draw near.

*Arvi.* The Night to'th'Owl,  
And Morn to th'Lark less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, Sir.

*Arvi.* I pray draw near.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Octava.*

*Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;  
That since the common men are now in Action  
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,  
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are  
Full weak to undertake our Wars against

The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
 The Gentry to this business. He creates  
*Lucius* Pro-Consul: and to you the Tribunes  
 For this immediate Levy, he commands  
 His absolute Commission. Long live *Cæsar*.

*Tri.* Is *Lucius* General of the Forces?

*2. Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*1. Sen.* With those Legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
 Must be suppliant: the words of, your Commission  
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
 Of their dispatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Actus Quartus.      Scena Prima.*

---

*Enter Clotten alone.*

*Clot.* I am near to'th'place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me? Why should his Mistress who was made by him that made the Tailor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word) for 'tis said a Womans fitness comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to myself, for it is not Vainglory for a man, and his Glass, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despite. What Mortality is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this hour be off, thy Mistress inforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before

thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My Horse is tied up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.*

---

*Scena Secunda.*

---

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.*

*Bel.* You are not well: Remain here in the Cave,  
We'll come to you after Hunting.

*Arvi.* Brother, stay here:  
Are we not Brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be,  
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not, yet I am not well:  
But not so Citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me,  
Stick to your Journal course: the breach of Custom,  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me here,  
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die  
Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee: I have spoke it,  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my Father.

*Bel.* What? How? how?

*Arvi.* If it be sin to say so (Sir) I yoke me  
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why  
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's, without reason. The Bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say  
My Father, not this youth.

*Bel.* Oh noble strain!

O worthiness of Nature, breed of Greatness!  
"Cowards father Cowards, and Base things Sire Base;  
"Nature hath Meal, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.  
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.  
'Tis the ninth hour o'th'Morn.

*Arvi.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arvi.* Your health. — So please you Sir.

*Imo.* These are kind Creatures.

Gods, what lies I have heard:  
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court;  
Experience, oh thou disprov'st Report.  
Th'imperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,  
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:  
I am sick still, heart-sick; *Pisano*,  
I'll now taste of thy Drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arvi.* Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter,  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To'th'Field, to'th'Field:

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

*Arvi.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray be not sick,  
For you must be our Housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Exit.*

*Bel.* And shal't be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good Ancestors.

*Arvi.* How Angel-like he sings?

*Gui.* But his neat Cookery?

*Arvi.* He cut our Roots in Characters,  
And sauc'st our Broths, as *Juno* had been sick,  
And he her Dieter.

*Arvi.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for-not being such a Smile:  
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a Temple, to commix  
With winds, that Sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
That grief and patience rooted in them both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Arvi.* Grow patient,  
And let the stinking-Elder (Grief) untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing Vine.

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

*Enter Cloten.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain  
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

*Bel.* Those Runagates?  
Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis  
*Cloten*, the Son o'th'Queen. I fear some Ambush:  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Laws: Hence.

*Gui.* He is but one: you, and my Brother search  
What Companies are near: pray you away,  
Let me alone with him.

*Clo.* Soft, what are you  
That fly me thus? Some villain-Mountainers?  
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A Slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a Robber,  
A Law-breaker, a Villain: yield thee Thief.



*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? A heart, as big:  
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not  
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:  
Why I should yield to thee?

*Clot.* Thou Villain base,  
Know'st me not by my Clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy Tailor, Rascal:  
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those clothes,  
Which (as it seems) make thee.

*Clot.* Thou precious Varlet,  
My Tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool,  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clot.* Thou injurious Thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clot.* *Cloten*, thou Villain.

*Gui.* *Cloten*, thou double Villain be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clot.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know  
I am Son to'th'Queen.

*Gui.* I am sorry for't: not seeming  
So worthy as thy Birth.

*Clot.* Art not afeard?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear: the Wise:  
At Fools I laugh: not fear them.

*Clot.* Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence:  
And on the Gates of *Luds-Town* set your heads:  
Yield Rustic Mountaineer.

*Fight and Exeunt.*

*Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No Company's abroad?

*Arvi.* None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour  
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute  
'Twas very *Cloten*.

*Arvi.* In this place we left them;  
I wish my Brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean to man; he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of Fear.

*Enter Guiderius.*

But see thy Brother.

*Gui.* This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty purse,  
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*.  
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,  
Son to the Queen (after his own report)  
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow  
And set them on *Luds-Town*.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law  
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?  
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?  
For we do fear the Law. What company

Discover you abroad ?

*Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason  
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor  
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzy,  
Not absolute madness could so far have rav'd  
To bring him here alone: although perhaps  
It may be heard at Court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are Out-laws, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in, yet i'ts not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this Body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arvi.* Let Ord'nance

Come as the Gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My Brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gvi.* With his own Sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek  
Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,  
And tell the Fishes, he's the Queens Son, *Cloten*,  
That's all I reck.

*Exit.*

*Bel.* I fear 'twill be reveng'd:

Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*Arvi.* Would I had done't:

So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through

And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rock,  
You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arvi.* Poor sick *Fidele*.

I'll willingly to him, to gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

*Exit.*

*Bel.* Oh thou Goddess,

Thou divine Nature; thou thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle  
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough  
(Their Royal blood enchain'd) as the rude'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,  
And make him stoop to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,  
Civility not seen from other: valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd: yet still it's strange  
What *Clotens* being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Enter Guidereus.*

*Gui.* Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Clotens* Clot-pole down the stream,  
In Embassy to his Mother; his Body's hostage  
For his return.

*Solemn Music.*

*Bel.* My ingenious Instrument,  
(Hark *Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion  
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hark.

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean?  
 Since death of my dear'st Mother  
 It did not speak before. All solemn things  
 Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter?  
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,  
 Is jollity for Apes, and grief for Boys.  
 Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Enter Arrivagus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.*

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
 And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,  
 Of what we blame him for.

*Arvi.* The Bird is dead  
 That we have made so much on. I had rather  
 Have skipt from sixteen years of Age, to sixty:  
 To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,  
 Than have seen this.

*Gui.* Oh sweetest, fairest Lily:  
 My Brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
 As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* Oh Melancholy,  
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find  
 The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care  
 Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,  
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but I,  
 Thou died'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholy.  
 How found you him?

*Arvi.* Stark, as you see:  
 Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,  
 Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek  
 Reposing on a Cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arvi.* O'th'floor:  
 His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put  
 My clouted Brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
 Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his Grave, a Bed:  
With female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,  
And Worms will not come to thee.

*Arvi.* With fairest Flowers  
Whil'st Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor  
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veins: no, nor  
The leaf of Eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddock would  
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming,  
Those rich-left-heirs, that let their Fathers lie  
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,  
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flowers are none  
To winter-ground thy Corse ——

*Gui.* Prythee have done,  
And do not play in Wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration, what  
Is now due debt. To'th'grave.

*Arvi.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

*Arvi.* Be't so:  
And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to'th'ground  
As once to our Mother: use like note, and words,  
Save that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidele*.

*Gui.* *Cadwall*,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than Priests, and Fanes that lie.

*Arvi.* We'll speak it then.

*Bel.* Great griefs I see med'cine the less: For *Cloten*  
Is quite forgot. He was a Queens Son, Boys,  
And though he came our Enemy, remember  
He was paid for that: though mean, and mighty rotting  
Together have one dust, yet Reverence

(That Angel of the world) doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,  
And though you took his life, as being our Foe,  
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

*Gui.* Pray you fetch him hither,  
*Thersites* body is as good as *Ajax*,  
When neither are alive.

*Arvi.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

*Gui.* Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th'East,  
My Father hath a reason for't.

*Arvi.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arvi.* So, begin.

### SONG.

*Guid.* *Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun,*  
*Nor the furious Winters rages,*  
*Thou thy worldly task hast done,*  
*Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.*  
*Golden Lads, and Girls all must,*  
*As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.*

*Arvi.* *Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,*  
*Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,*  
*Care no more to clothe and eat,*  
*To thee the Reed is as the Oak:*

*The Sceptre, Learning, Physic must,*  
*All follow this and come to dust.*

*Guid.* *Fear no more the Lightning flash.*

*Arvi.* *Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.*

*Gui.* *Fear not Slander, Censure rash.* ✓

*Arvi.* *Thou hast finish'd Joy and moan.*

*Both.* *All Lovers young, all Lovers must,*  
*Consign to thee and come to dust.*

*Guid.* *No Exorciser harm thee,*

*Arvi.* *Nor no witch-craft charm thee.*

*Guid.* *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*

Arvi. *Nothing ill come near thee.*

Both. *Quiet consumption have,  
And renowned be thy grave.*

*Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies:  
Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few Flowers, but 'bout midnight more:  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th'night  
Are strewings fitt'st for Graves: upon their Faces.  
You were as Flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These Herblets shall, which we upon you strew.  
Come on, away, apart upon our knees:  
The ground that gave them first, has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so are their pain.

*Exeunt.*

*Imogen awakes.*

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?  
I thank you: by yond bush? pray how far thither?  
'Ods pittikins: can it be six mile yet?  
I have gone all night: 'Faith, I'll lie down, and sleep.  
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!  
These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;  
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream:  
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,  
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,  
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good faith  
I tremble still with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pity  
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.  
The Dream's here still: even when I wake it is  
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.  
A headless man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?  
I know the shape of's Leg: this is his Hand:  
His Foot Mercurial: his martial Thigh



The brawns of *Hercules*: but his Jovial face —  
 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,  
 All Curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou  
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous devil *Cloten*,  
 Hath here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,  
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)  
 From this most bravest vessel of the world  
 Strook the maintop! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?  
*Pisanio* might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?  
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them  
 Have laid this Woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious  
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten*: Oh!  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horridier may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

*Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia  
 After your will, have cross'd the Sea, attending  
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your Ships:  
 They are here in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,  
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,  
 That promise Noble Service: and they come  
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,  
*Sienna's* Brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o'th'wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers  
Be muster'd: bid the Captains look to't. Now Sir,  
What have you dream'd of late of this wars purpose.

*Sooth.* Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision  
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:  
I saw Joves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd  
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,  
There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends  
(Unless my sins abuse my Divination)  
Success to th'Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
And never false. Soft hoa, what trunk is here?  
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime  
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?  
Or dead; or sleeping on him? But dead rather:  
For Nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
Let's see the Boy's face.

*Cap.* He's alive my Lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body: Young one,  
Inform us of thy Fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded: who is this  
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he  
That (otherwise than noble Nature did)  
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wrack? How came't? Who is't?  
What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,  
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,  
A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by Mountaineers lies slain: Alas,  
There is no more such Masters: I may wander  
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,  
Try many, all good: serve truly: never  
Find such another Master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth:  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than

Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

*Imo. Richard du Champ:* If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo. Fidele* Sir.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure  
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperors Letters.  
Sent by a Consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,  
I'll hide my Master from the Flies, as deep  
As these poor Pickaxes can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave  
And on it said a Century of prayers  
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh,  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay good youth,  
And rather Father thee, than Master thee: My Friends,  
The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
Find out the prettiest Daisied-Plot we can,  
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans  
A Grave: Come, Arm him: Boy he's preferr'd  
By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd  
As Soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes,  
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.*

*Cym.* Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her,  
A Fever with the absence of her Son;  
A madness, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,  
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
When fearful Wars point at me: Her Son gone,  
So needful for this present? It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp Torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains: why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,  
Hold me your loyal Servant.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,  
The day that she was missing, he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will no doubt be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:  
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy  
Does yet depend.

*Lord.* So please your Majesty,  
The Roman Legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply  
Of Roman Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen,  
I am amaz'd with matter.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready:  
The want is, but to put those Powers in motion,  
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you: let's withdraw  
And meet the Time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us, but

We grieve at chances here. Away.

*Exeunt.*

*Pisa.* I heard no Letter from my Master, since  
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I  
What is betid to *Cloten*, but remain  
Perplext in all. The Heavens still must work:  
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my Country,  
Even to the note o'th'King, or I'll fall in them:  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd,  
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

*Exit.*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arvi.* What pleasure Sir, we find in life, to lock it  
From Action, and Adventure.

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans  
Must, or for Britons slay us or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure v.,  
To the Kings party there's no going: newness  
Of *Clotens* death (we being not known, not muster'd  
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with Torture.

*Gui.* This is (Sir) a doubt  
In such a time, nothing becomming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arvi.* It is not likely,

That when they hear their Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* Oh, I am known  
Of many in the Army: Many years  
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,  
Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding;  
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your Cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and  
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:  
I, and my Brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arvi.* By this Sun that shines  
I'll thither: What thing is't, that I never  
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?  
Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had  
A Rider like myself, who ne're wore Rowel,  
Nor Iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy Sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest Beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens I'll go,  
If you will bless me Sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care: but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans.

*Arvi.* So say I, Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I (since of your lives you set

So slight a valuation) should reserve  
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boys:  
 If in your Country wars you chance to die,  
 That is my Bed too (Lads) and there I'll lie.  
 Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn  
 Till it fly out, and shew them Princes born. *Exeunt.*

---

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

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*Enter Posthumus alone.*

*Post.* Yea bloody cloth, I'll keep thee: for I am wisht  
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
 If each of you should take this course, how many  
 Must murder Wives much better than themselves  
 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,  
 Every good Servant does not all Commands:  
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved  
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strook  
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alack,  
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit  
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse,  
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift.  
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best wills,  
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither  
 Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight  
 Against my Lady's Kingdom: 'Tis enough  
 That (Britain) I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,  
 I'll give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,  
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself

As does a *Briton* Peasant: so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with: so I'll die  
 For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life  
 Is every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
 Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, than my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:  
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin,  
 The fashion less without, and more within. *Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door: and the Briton Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

*Iac.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom,  
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a Lady,  
 The Princess of this Country; and the air on't  
 Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,  
 A very drudge of Natures, have subdued me  
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne  
 As I wear mine) are titles but of scorn.  
 If that thy Gentry (Britain) go before  
 This Lout, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds  
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. *Exit.*

*The Battle continues, the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground,  
 The Lane is guarded: Nothing routs us, but  
 The villany of our fears.

*Gwi. Arvi.* Stand, stand, and fight.



*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They Rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

*Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.*

*Luc.* Away boy from the Troops, and save thyself:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iac.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Posthumus, and a Briton Lord.*

*Lor.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did,

Though you it seems come from the Fliers?

*Lo.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,  
But that the Heavens fought: the King himself  
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen; all flying  
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having work  
More plentiful, than Tools to do't: strook down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd  
With dead men, hurt behind, and Cowards living  
To die with length'ned shame.

*Lo.* Where was this Lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,  
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldier  
(An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,  
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run  
The Country base, than to commit such slaughter,

With faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer  
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)  
 Made good the passage, cried to those that fled.  
 Our *Britons* hearts die flying, not our men,  
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards; stand,  
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save  
 But to look back in frown: Stand, stand. These three,  
 Three thousand confident, in act as many:  
 For three performers are the File, when all  
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,  
 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming  
 With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd  
 A Distaff, to a Lance, gilded pale looks;  
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward  
 But by example (Oh a sin in War,  
 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to look  
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions  
 Upon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then began  
 A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retire: Anon  
 A Rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly  
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves  
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards  
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became  
 The life o'th'need: having found the back door open  
 Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,  
 Some slain before some dying; some their Friends  
 O'er-borne i'th'former wave, ten chas'd by one,  
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
 Those that would die, or ere resist, are grown  
 The mortal bugs o'th'Field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boys.

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
 Than to work any. Will you Rime upon't,  
 And vent it for a Mock'ry? Here is one:

*"Two Boys, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,  
 "Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans bane.*

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry Sir.

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend :  
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
 You have put me into Rime.

*Lord.* Farewell, you're angry.

*Exit.*

*Post.* Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery  
 To be i'th'Field, and ask what news of me:  
 To-day, how many would have given their Honours  
 To have sav'd their Carcases? Took heel to do't,  
 And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd  
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,  
 Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,  
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,  
 Sweet words; or hath mo ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i'th'War. Well I will find him:  
 For being now a Favourer to the Briton,  
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
 But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall  
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
 Here made by'th'Roman; great the Answer be  
 Britons must take. For me, my Ransom's death,  
 On either side I come to spend my breath;  
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
 But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

*Enter two Captains and Soldiers.*

1 Great Jupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,  
 'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
 That gave th'Affront with them.

1 So 'tis reported:  
 But none of'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

*Post.* A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dog,  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What Crows have peckt them here: he brags his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus Pisanio, and  
Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to  
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.*

---

*Scena Quarta.*

---

*Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.*

*Gao.* You shall not now be stol'n,  
You have locks upon you:  
So graze, as you find Pasture.

2. *Gao.* Ay, or a stomach.

*Post.* Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way  
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o'th'Gout, since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By'th'sure Physician, Death; who is the key  
T'unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks, and wrists: you good Gods give me  
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,  
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?  
So Children temporal Fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,  
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd, to satisfy  
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my All.  
I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,  
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement; that's not my desire.  
 For *Imogens* dear life, take mine, and though  
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it,  
 'Tween man, and man, they weigh not every stamp:  
 Though light, take Pieces for the figures sake,  
 (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powers,  
 If you will take this Audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,  
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

*Solemn Music. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, and Mother to Posthumus) with Music before them. Then after other Music, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.*

*Sicil.* No more thou Thunder-Master  
 shew thy spite, on Mortal Flies:  
 With Mars fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries  
 Rates, and Revenges.  
 Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,  
 whose face I never saw:  
 I died whil'st in the Womb he staid,  
 attending Natures Law.  
 Whose Father then (as men report,  
 thou Orphans Father art)  
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him,  
 from this earth-vexing smart.  
*Moth.* *Lucina* lent not me her aid,  
 but took me in my Throes,  
 That from me was *Posthumus* ript,  
 came crying 'mong'st his Foes,  
 A thing of pity.  
*Sicil.* Great Nature like his Ancestry,  
 moulded the stuff so fair:

That he d serv'd the praise o'th' World,  
as great *Sicilius* heir.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
in Britain where was he  
That could stand up his paralell?  
Or fruitful object be?

In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deem  
his dignity.

*Mo.* With Marriage wherefore was he mock'd  
to be exil'd, and thrown  
From *Leonati* Seat, and cast from her,  
his dearest one:

Sweet *Imogen*?

*Sic.* Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his Nobler hart and brain, with needless jealousy,  
And to become the geck and scorn o'th'others villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,  
our Parents, and us twain,  
That striking in our Countrys cause,  
fell bravely, and were slain,  
Our Fealty, and *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath  
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:  
Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?

*Sicil.* Thy Christal window ope; look,  
look out, no longer exercise  
Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

*Moth.* Since (Jupiter) our Son is good,  
take off his miseries.

*Sicil.* Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,  
or we poor Ghosts will cry  
To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

*Brothers.* Help (Jupiter) or we appeal,  
and from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jupiter.* No more you petty Spirits of Region low  
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghosts  
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.  
Poor shadows of Elizium, hence, and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of Flowers.  
Be not with mortal accidents opprest,  
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,  
Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:  
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent:  
Our Jovial Star reign'd at his Birth, and in  
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,  
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,  
And happier much by his Affliction made.  
This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein  
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,  
And so away: no farther with your din  
Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine:  
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

*Ascends.*

*Sicil.* He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Ascension is  
More sweet than our blest Fields: his Royal Bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beak,  
As when his God is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks Jupiter.

*Sic.* The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd  
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

*Vanish.*

*Post.* Sleep, thou hast been a Grandsire, and begot  
A Father to me: and thou hast created  
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorn)

Gone, they went hence so soon as they were born :  
 And so I am awake. Poor Wretches, that depend  
 On Greatness, Favour; Dream as I have done,  
 Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I swerve:  
 Many Dream not to find, neither deserve,  
 And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I  
 That have this Golden chance, and know not why:  
 What Fairies haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,  
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment  
 Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects  
 So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,  
 As good, as promise.

*Reads.*

*When as a Lions whelp, shall to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.*

'Tis still a Dream: or else such stuff as Madmen  
 Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing,  
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
 The Action of my life is like it, which I'll keep  
 If but for sympathy.

*Enter Gaoler.*

*Gao.* Come Sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

*Gao.* Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cook'd.

*Post.* So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the dish pays the shot.

*Gao.* A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of



mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much: Purse and Brain, both empty: the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck (Sis) is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Gao.* Indeed Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes indeed do I, fellow.

*Gao.* Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know: or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Gao.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news, I am call'd to be made free.

*Gao.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

*Gao.* Unless a man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone: yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowses: I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: woe is my heart,  
That the poor Soldier that so richly fought,  
Whose rags, sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked breast  
Stept before Targes of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our Grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such Noble fury in so poor a Thing;  
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary, and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pisa.* He hath been search'd among the dead, and living;  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his Reward, which I will add  
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Brain of Britain)  
By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and Gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:

Arise my Knights o'th'Battle, I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With Dignities becomming your estates.

*Enter Cornelius and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces: why so sadly  
Greet you our Victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o'th'Court of Britain.

*Corn.* Hail great King,  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The Queen is dead.

*Cym.* Who worse than a Physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confest,  
I will report, so please you. These her Women  
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prythee say.

*Cor.* First, she confest she never lov'd you: only  
Affected Greatness got by you: not you:  
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:  
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this:  
And but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Corn.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life  
(But that her flight prevented it) she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate Fiend!  
Who is't can read a Woman? Is there more?

*Corn.* More Sir, and worse. She did confess she had

For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,  
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her shew; and in time  
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to work  
Her Son into th'adoption of the Crown:  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless desperate, open'd (in despite  
Of Heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented  
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so  
Dispairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her Women?

*La.* We did, so please your Highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:  
Mine ears that hear her flattery, nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious  
To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus  
behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that  
The Britons have rased out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen have made suit  
That their good souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter  
Of you their Captives, which ourself have granted,  
So think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider Sir, the chance of War, the day  
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,  
We should not when the blood was cool, have threaten'd  
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: Sufficeth,  
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:

*Augustus* lives to think on't: and so much  
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
 I will entreat, my Boy (a Briton born)  
 Let him be ransom'd: Never Master had  
 A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feat, so Nurse-like: let his virtue join  
 With my request, which I'll make bold, your Highness  
 Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)  
 And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
 His favour is familiar to me: Boy,  
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
 And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,  
 To say, live boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;  
 And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:  
 Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner  
 The Noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your Highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good Lad,  
 And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no, alack,  
 There's other work in hand: I see a thing  
 Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,  
 Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The Boy disdains me,  
 He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,  
 That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.  
 Why stands he so perplex't?

*Cym.* What would'st thou Boy?  
 I love thee more, and more: think more and more  
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak  
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman, no more kin to me,  
 Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal

Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you (Sir) in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo. Fidele* Sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth: my Page  
I'll be thy Master: walk with me: speak freely.

*Bel.* Is not this Boy reviv'd from death?

*Arvi.* One Sand another  
Not more resembles that sweet Rosy Lad:  
Who died, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

*Gwi.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace, see further: he eyes us not, forbear  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure .  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gwi.* But we see him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent: let's see further.

*Pisa.* It is my Mistress:  
Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side,  
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,  
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,  
Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it  
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this Gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this Ring.

*Post.* What's that to him?

*Cym.* That Diamond upon your Finger, say  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that  
Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How? me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By Villany  
 I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel,  
 Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may grieve thee,  
 As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liv'd  
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more my Lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That Paragon, thy daughter,  
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
 Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

*Cym.* My Daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength  
 I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,  
 Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, unhappy was the clock  
 That strook the hour: it was in Rome, accurs'd  
 The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would  
 Our Viands had been poison'd (or at least  
 Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,  
 (What should I say? he was too good to be  
 Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
 Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,  
 Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy  
 For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
 Of him that best could speak: for Feature, laming  
 The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,  
 Postures, beyond brief Nature. For Condition,  
 A shop of all the qualities, that man  
 Loves woman for, besides that hook of Wiving,  
 Fairness, which strikes the eye.

*Cym.* I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
 Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,  
 Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one  
 That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,  
 And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein  
 He was as calm as virtue) he began  
 His Mistress picture, which, by his tongue, being made,  
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags

Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to'th'purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)  
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,  
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch  
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him  
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger) to attain  
In suit the place of's bed, and win this Ring  
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)  
No lesser of her Honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,  
And would so, had it been a Carbuncle  
Of Phœbus Wheel; and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: Well may you (Sir)  
Remember me at Court, where I was taught  
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference  
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd  
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian brain,  
Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vildly: for my vantage excellent.  
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd  
That I return'd with simular proof enough,  
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,  
By wounding his belief in her Renown,  
With Tokens thus, and thus: averring notes  
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet  
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,  
Me thinks I see him now.

*Post.* Ay so thou dost,  
Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Fool,  
Egregious murtherer, Thief, anything



That's due to all the Villains past, in being  
 To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out  
 For Torturors ingenious: it is I  
 That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend  
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,  
 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple  
 Of Virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o'th'street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and  
 Be villany less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!  
 My Queen, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,  
*Imogen, Imogen.*

*Imo.* Peace my Lord, hear, hear.

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this?  
 Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part.

*Pis.* Oh Gentlemen, help,  
 Mine and your Mistress: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,  
 You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* till now: help, help,  
 Mine honour'd Lady.

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Posth.* How comes these staggers on me?

*Pisa.* Wake my Mistress.

*Cym.* If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me  
 To death, with mortal joy.

*Pisa.* How fares my Mistress?

*Imo.* Oh get thee from my sight,  
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous Fellow hence,  
 Breathe not where Princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of *Imogen*.

*Pisa.* Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
 That box I gave you, was not thought by me  
 A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

*Cym.* New matter still.

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Corn.* Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confest,  
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pasanio*  
Have (said she) given his Mistress that Confection  
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,  
As I would serve a Rat.

*Cym.* What's this, *Cornelius*?

*Corn.* The Queen (Sir) very oft importun'd me  
To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs  
Of no esteem. I dreading, that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time,  
All Offices of Nature, should again  
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My Boys, there was our error.

*Gui.* This is sure *Fidele*.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?  
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now  
Throw me again.

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the Tree die.

*Cym.* How now, my Flesh? my Child?  
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo.* Your blessing, Sir.

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,  
You had a motive for't.

*Cym.* My tears that fall  
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,  
Thy Mothers dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for't, my Lord.

*Cym.* Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was

That we meet here so strangely: but her Son  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pisa.* My Lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord *Cloten*  
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me  
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters  
Then in my pocket, which directed him  
To seek her on the Mountains near to Milford,  
Where in a frenzy, in my Masters Garments  
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My Ladies honor, what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the Gods forfend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a Prince.

*Gui.* A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,  
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head,  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorrow for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

*Imo.* That headless man I thought had been my Lord.

*Cym.* Bind the Offender,

And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, Sir King.

This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thyself, and hath  
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*  
Had ever scar for. Let his Arms alone,  
They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arvi.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three,

But I will prove that two one's are as good  
As I have given out him. My Sons, I must  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though haply well for you.

*Arvi.* Your danger's ours.

*Guid.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave

Thou had'st (great King) a Subject, who  
Was call'd *Belarius*.

*Cym.* What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,  
I know not how, a Traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons,  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my Sons?

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy: here's my knee:  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my Sons,  
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,  
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,  
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,  
They are the issue of your Loins, my Liege,

And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How? my Issue.

*Bel.* So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)  
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes  
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I  
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)  
As your Highness knows: Their Nurse *Euriphile*  
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children  
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't,  
Having receiv'd the punishment before  
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,  
Excited me to Treason. Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,  
Here are your Sons again, and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.  
The benediction of these covering Heavens  
Fall on their heads likes dew, for they are worthy  
To in-lay Heaven with Stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st:  
The Service that you three have done, is more  
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier Sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile;  
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,  
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:  
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.  
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt  
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'land  
Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* *Guiderius* had

Upon his neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he,  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise Natures end, in the donation  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* Oh, what am I  
A Mother to the birth of three? Ne'er Mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more: Blest, pray you be,  
That after this strange starting from your Orbs,  
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,  
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my Lord:  
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,  
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother  
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,  
When we were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you ere meet?

*Arvi.* Ay my good Lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd,  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Corn.* By the Queens Dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,  
Hath to its Circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?  
And when came you to serve our Roman Captive?  
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?  
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?  
And your three motives to the Battle? with  
I know not how much more should be demanded,  
And all the other by-dependances  
From chance to chance? But not the Time, nor Place  
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,  
*Posthumus* Anchors upon *Imogen*;  
And she (like harmless Lightning) throws her eye

On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting  
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the Temple with our Sacrifices.  
Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

*Imo.* You are my Father too, and did relieve me:  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'er-joy'd  
Save these in bonds, let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our Comfort.

*Imo.* My good Master, I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you.

*Cym.* The forlorn Soldier, that no Nobly fought  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a King.

*Post.* I am Sir  
The Soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speak *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again:  
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you  
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,  
And here the Bracelet of the truest Princess  
That ever swore her Faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me:  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:  
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd:  
We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law:  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arvi.* You help us Sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome  
 Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought  
 Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd  
 Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews  
 Of mine own Kindred. When I waked, I found  
 This Label on my bosom; whose containing  
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
 Make no Collection of it. Let him shew  
 His skill in the construction.

*Luc. Philarmonus.*

*Sooth.* Here, my good Lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Reads.*

*When as a Lions whelp, shall to himself unknown, without  
 seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: And  
 when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being  
 dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock,  
 and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain  
 be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.*

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lions Whelp,  
 The fit and apt Construction of thy name  
 Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:  
 The piece of tender Air, thy virtuous Daughter,  
 Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*  
 We term it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I divine  
 Is this most constant Wife, who even now  
 Answering the Letter of the Oracle,  
 Unknown to you unsought, were clipt about  
 With this most tender Air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*  
 Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point  
 Thy two Sons forth: who by *Belarius* stol'n  
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd  
 To the Majestic Cedar join'd; whose Issue  
 Promises Britain, Peace and Plenty.



*Cym.* Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,  
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,  
And to the Roman Empire; promising  
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,  
Whom heavens in Justice both on her, and hers,  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the Powers above, do tune  
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision  
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke  
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman Eagle  
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft  
Lessen'd herself, and in the Beams o'th'Sun  
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle  
Th'Imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite  
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,  
Which shines here in the West.

*Cym.* Laud we the Gods,  
And let our crooked Smokes climb to their Nostrils  
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace  
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let  
A Roman, and a British Ensign wave  
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Town* march,  
And in the Temple of great Jupiter  
Our Peace we'll ratify: Seal it with Feasts.  
Set on there: Never was a War did cease  
(Ere bloody hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.







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